

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1853.

FILIAL PIETY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
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FILIAL piety commends itself, not merely because of its accordance with all the dictates of natural sentiment and feeling, but also because of the peculiar blessings pronounced upon it. Disobedience to parents is often the first prominent vice developed in the youthful character; it is often the germing sin that draws after it all the rest; it is often the first step in a career of dishonor and sin, that blasts every thing lovely in character, and every thing hopeful in the condition. How many of the wretched victims of vice who have been stranded upon the shoals of life's ocean, have looked back to the days of their youth, and, from the wreck of fortune, and character, and soul, contemplated this as the beginning of evil with them! Now, when all is lost, and the bitter recollection of their past unkindness is preying upon them, it would be some alleviation to their feelings could they go to the dear guardians of their childhood, and fall on their knees before them, and make the prodigal's confession: "*Father—mother, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.*" But, alas! broken-hearted and weary of life, those parents, perhaps, already have gone down with sorrow to the grave. A venerable president of one of our colleges once, while addressing the young men before him upon their obligations to their parents, and the duty of filial piety and obedience, burst forth in the following exclamation: "Spirits of my sainted parents, could I recall the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct! Ah, were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears!"

The obligation to filial obedience is equally laid in nature and in revelation. The relation we sustain to those parents from whom we have drawn our being, their tender and increasing watchfulness over our helpless infancy, the strength and purity

of their affection for us, present a claim to our gratitude and our reverence that should bind them to us while living, and hallow the recollection of them when they are laid in the dust.

And on what virtue does even revelation breathe a richer blessing than upon filial piety? "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Next to the sublimities of true religion, there is nothing more ennobling and praiseworthy than filial piety. I do not recollect a picture of more touching beauty, in the whole range of classic poetry, than that which represents the dutiful Æneas, amid the flames which were consuming Troy, and while others were intent only upon rescuing whatever was most valuable to them, bearing upon his shoulders the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. Nor do I recollect a tale in all the books and reading of my childhood that made a more lasting or delightful impression upon my mind than that of the filial piety of two brothers. An eruption of Vesuvius was overwhelming the city. Its inhabitants were flying, each grasping whatever he deemed most valuable. The parents of these brothers were aged, decrepit, and blind. "What," said one of them to the other, "what can be more valuable to us than our parents!" And so saying, the one took his father and the other his mother upon their backs, and flying across the fields, through the surrounding smoke and falling cinders, succeeded in bearing their precious burden to a place of safety. In honor of the noble deed, their path was ever after called the Path of the Pious.

Two of the most affecting pictures drawn by the pen of Inspiration have relation to filial duty and affection. What a contrast between Joseph and Absalom! Behold the grand vizier of Egypt, the second in the realm, making ready his chariot, and hasting up to Goshen! What great interest of state excites such intense feeling and prompts such urgent haste? Nothing of this kind could have so moved the mighty prince. But his father, from whom he had been so long absent, and who had become worn-out and decrepit with years and care, was now come down—driven by famine and by poverty

from his country and his home—to throw himself upon the charity of that son who had providentially risen to power. What shall be the character of his reception? In the ostentatious dignity of place and office, will that bowed and withered father be made to feel, by the coldness and formality of his reception, that his only relation to his son is that of dependence upon his charity? You shall have the answer, in the surpassingly beautiful language of holy writ: “And he fell on his neck, and he wept on his neck a good while.” Beautiful, affecting picture! Never did the unexampled character of Joseph shine with brighter luster, unless it were when he cried aloud unto his brethren, “I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?”

Turn now to the other picture. A young man, beautiful in form, fascinating in address, doted upon by his father, *stands beside the way of the gate* at the entering in of Jerusalem. Beneath that beauty what awful depravity lurks! how is that fascinating address employed to disseminate a poison more dreadful than that of the foulest viper! The hearts of the people are turned away from his father. Under the vile pretense of religion, he obtains leave of absence, and at Hebron raises the standard of revolt. Taken by surprise, shocked in all his moral feelings, benumbed in all his senses, the father, though mighty in war, has no heart, no power to resist. Weeping and bare headed, he crosses the brook Kidron, and, with his train, “went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet,” and escaped to the wilderness of Mahanaim. The sequel is soon reached. The wretched youth, reeking with the foulest pollution and thirsting for a father’s blood, is smitten by the hand of Joab, and dies upon the battle-field. What a dark picture is this! painted and hung out, as it were, by Inspiration, that the young may every-where take warning! Who would wear the character, who would die the death of Absalom! We read of some who toil hard and endure much that they may be “damned to everlasting fame.” But who is there that would not prefer utter and eternal oblivion rather than be damned to such a fame as that of Absalom!

O this restlessness under the restraints of parental authority! It is but too often the premonitory shadow, whose length shall extend and whose darkness deepen, till all that is lovely and attractive shall have been blotted from the view. Not even their imagined unkindness—no, nor even their wickedness or profligacy—to place the matter in its strongest light, can absolve you from the obligation to respect and cherish the authors of your being. Better, a thousand times, to love and cherish an unworthy parent than for once to incur the guilt of filial impiety! How delightful to see a young man, when called by providence to go out into the world, depart from the home of his childhood with hesitancy and tears—to tarry long, that the last token of a mother’s love may not be lost, nor yet a father’s blessing be forfeited! And then to return

often, and hover, like guardian angels, around the sweet home of childhood, plucked, indeed, of the flowers and the fruit that have grown there, but doubly dear and hallowed because of the loneliness of the decaying stock that bore them! The young man who roams away from the home of his childhood—rustic and homely as that home may have been—like the brute whose early instincts have died away, and looks back upon the spot where he was nurtured with contempt, is devoid of one of the most exalted sentiments of his race; he is worthy of no man’s confidence and no man’s regard. And the young woman, too, who has formed new affections, and is looking forward to new pleasures—does she hasten without a pang “from a mother’s tender heart and last embrace; she is unfit to be a wife, unworthy to have a friend.”

But what shall we say of those who throw off the restraints of parental authority? Solomon said of such, he “is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.” There is no dagger that can penetrate so deeply into a parent’s heart, that can pierce it with such bitter anguish as the profligacy of disobedient and undutiful children. To have a child deformed, or blind, or idiotic, is a calamity; but it is a visitation of God, and may be borne. But to have brought into being and nourished one from whom every virtuous sentiment has departed, to have nursed an adder at the breast, to have dandled a scorpion upon the knee, has loaded the life of many a parent with sorrow, and brought them down to a premature grave. I wonder not at the awful malediction of God upon the sin of filial impiety. “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.” Perhaps in the whole catalogue of crime there is none whose retribution is more certain or more manifest. It has almost become a proverb, that the children of those who have been disobedient and unkind to their parents are apt to be disobedient and unkind. And when I see how often the truth of this proverb is evidenced, I almost regard it as a commentary upon that declaration, “*The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.*”

Let those words of solemn, impressive warning sink deep into the heart of every young person, who is beginning to feel the least rising of a stubborn heart against the salutary restraints of parental authority. Such feelings are too often “the beginning of the end” of all that is amiable or promising; they plant thorns of bitterness along the path of both parents and children.

Happy is that household where parental authority and filial piety are blended in happy union. Happy are those parents who are honored by dutiful, loving children. Blessed are those children who *obey their parents in the Lord, for this is right; and their days shall be long in the land which the Lord their God has given them.*

TREATMENT OF AUTHORS BY SOCIETY.

SOCIETY has played with authors its most capricious game of coquetry. The same generation which neglects or tortures a man of letters will often supply a whole army of admiring commentators to distort his works.

"Ten ancient towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread."

No language can fitly express the meanness, the baseness, the brutality, with which the world has ever treated its victims of one age and boasts of the next. Dante is worshiped at that grave to which he was hurried by persecution. Milton, in his own day, was "Mr. Milton, the blind adder, that spit his venom on the king's person;" and soon after, "the mighty orb of song." These absurd transitions from hatred to apotheosis, this recognition just at the moment when it becomes a mockery, sadden all intellectual history. Is it not strange that the biography of authors should be so steeped in misery—that while exercising the most despotic dominion that man can wield over the fortunes of his race, their own lives should so often present a melancholy spectacle of unrest, unhappiness, frailty, beggary, and despair?

Time, to be sure, that consecrates all things, consecrates even the lives of authors. When the great man is laid in his grave, lies of malice are apt to give way to lies of adulation. Men feel his genius more, and his faults less. The cry then is, to bury the evil he has done with his bones—to forbear dragging his frailties from their dread abode. Then steps forth a debonair biographer, to varnish his errors or crimes, in order that he may appear respectably before that dear public whose stupidity or caprice may have urged him to their commission. It is well after calumny has feasted and fattened on his name, that he should undergo the solemn foolery of a verbal beatitude.—*Whipple's Lectures.*

POLITENESS BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

By endeavoring to acquire the habit of politeness, it will become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love; it allays accidental irritation, by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may be easily won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never to ask a favor of them but in courteous terms, never to reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. Try our philosophy, and see if it is not true.

WELCOME TO SPRING.*

—
BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.
—

WE hail thee with gladness again, sweet Spring,
Thou Queen of the beautiful reign;
And we joy at the sound of thy rustling wing
Coming over the mountain and plain;
Thy delicate footprints are out on the mead;
Thy warm breath is out on the air;
In the lowliest nook is thy fairy tread,
And thy beauty glows every-where.

Thou'st look'd, but in vain, for the missing ones
Who sleep in the bosom of earth;
And blindest a sigh with the plaintive tones
Of mourners around the lone hearth;
And silently over the dreamless rest
Of the friends thou wilt never more meet,
Thy soft velvet mantle thou'st kindly prest,
And chanted a dirge sadly sweet.

Thou bringest a wreath for the young and gay,
Fresh hopes to the lowly and poor;
Thy laugh is heard with the children at play,
And the invalid passeth the door,
And drinketh in health from thy balmy breath,
And strength from thy fragrant cheer;
And hush'd in his heart are the bodings of death
By thy melody sweet and clear.

Thou'st kiss'd the wan cheek of gray-hair'd age,
And he looks o'er the past with a sigh;
For thy soft light is resting on memory's page,
And thoughts of youth gleam in his eye.
O, sing to them sweetly, the weary and worn,
And high, with thine uplifted hand,
Bear the vision away to the brightness and bloom
Of a glorious, heavenly land!

We love thee, fair maiden; thy sunlight and tears
Are emblems of life's fitful day,
And thy bright tint of green is the pride of the
years.

O, beautiful, beautiful May!
The pure, limpid waters leap forth at thy sight;
The woods with the song-bird resounds;
Thou'st broken the bands of the North King's might,
And earth with renewed life abounds.

A garland of blossoms sits light on thy brow,
And thy vesture is gemm'd with wild flowers;
And thy fingers are draping the sheltering bough,
A shade for the bright summer hours;
Thy name is a charm-word through winter's dark
thrall,
And thy harps on the mild breezes ring;
Thou'st a smile, and a tear, and song for us all,
O lovely, ethereal Spring!

* Received too late for the May number; but we have no heart to give such a gem "a place under the table." It will be as acceptable to our readers now, and scarcely less appropriate, than if it had appeared a month earlier. We hope its author will continue to favor the readers of the *Ladies' Repository*.—EDITOR.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, SCOTLAND.

NUMBER II.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

PART I.

"What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest."

It was Whit-Monday, and the little market-town of B., in one of the midland counties, presented a scene of unusual bustle; for it was the *Fair*. A band of musicians, arrayed in their "customary blue," were parading the streets, and the bells of the ancient church were ringing a merry peal. Temporary theaters, and shows, and bazars, besides an immense number of stalls, displaying the finest fruits of the season, or covered with an infinite variety of the different articles of merchandise, arrested the gaze of the loiterers in every direction. Multitudes of persons from the surrounding villages had already arrived, in their holiday suits, to witness these scenes of vanity and dissipation; for in this view I have ever regarded what are generally termed *Pleasure Fairs*. To the young especially they present many inducements to vice, and have been followed, in almost innumerable instances, with disastrous results.

In one of the groups, whom a love of pleasure had drawn to the fair, was Mary L., a blooming young female of the age of nineteen. She was the daughter of a worthy couple who rented a small farm, about five miles from B. Being their only child, she was, from her earliest infancy, the object of their deepest solicitude—the magnet toward which their hopes and desires were constantly pointed. Unfortunately their devoted attachment to Mary exceeded the bounds of prudence; for they indulged her to a fault. Thus, as she grew in years, the vanity of her mind was fostered. And having never been accustomed to parental control, the petulance of her temper became more and more offensively developed.

Such was Mary L. when she attained the interesting age of nineteen. It will not excite surprise, therefore, that she was regarded by the inhabitants of the village more an object of pity than of respect. With these defects in her early training, it is not to be supposed that she possessed that moral inflexibility so essential on the part of a young female to withstand the allurements of a country fair. With the few friends who had accompanied her to the town, she sauntered about the streets till evening, when, with a light heart, she went to a ball, which had been previously announced to take place at one of the principal inns. A gay, fashionably dressed young man, whom none of the party appeared to know, was seated in a corner

of the room by himself, watching the groups as they passed along. His eye was more particularly fixed on Mary. At length, crossing the room, he very politely begged permission to be her partner in the dance. To this request the thoughtless girl unhesitatingly assented. When these unmeaning frivolities terminated, which was at a late hour, she forwarded, by one of her companions, a message to her parents to the effect, that, being excessively fatigued by the exertions of the evening, she would sleep at the inn, and return home early on the following morning. This message, so strange and so unexpected, naturally created in the minds of Richard and his wife some secret forebodings as to the safety of their daughter; for she had never slept from home before.

The next day their anxiety was increased; for, though the sun had already attained his meridian altitude, Mary had not returned. Filled with apprehension, Richard resolved on walking to B. without further delay. On his arrival at the inn, he learned that she had certainly slept there on the preceding night, but had left at an early hour, for the purpose, as she said, of returning home, lest her parents should feel uneasy at her absence. A person in the room, who had overheard this conversation, stated that he had seen her at the station at eight o'clock, in company with the stranger who had been her partner in the dance, and he conjectured they had traveled together by the London train. This statement was further confirmed by the clerk at the station, who said that two persons answering their description had taken their tickets for the metropolis. The stroke which this intelligence inflicted on the sensitive feelings of the wretched father almost deprived him of consciousness. His countenance presented the picture of absolute despair; hope died in his bosom; and with a lacerated heart he retraced his steps to his now comfortless abode.

Every means which the expediency of the case suggested, with a view to discover the retreat of the fugitives, was adopted, but without success. And the aged couple became more and more dejected. The voice of friendship ceased to delight them; and even the tender tones of sympathy, which are so sweetly soothing to the broken spirit, failed to diminish the melancholy depression, which appeared to be slowly but insidiously stopping the very springs of life. The summer months had passed away, but no tidings of their daughter had as yet reached their ears. The autumn winds had stripped the trees of their faded foliage, but the domestic hearth was yet uncheered by the presence of Mary. And before the last gales of winter had swept over the lofty hills which skirted his native village, Richard was a widower. The wife of his bosom had sunk under the pressure of disease and sorrow.

Richard was now alone—alone in the humble dwelling in which he first breathed the vital air. But he was resigned. Though a loud, convulsive

sob was occasionally heard to burst from his stricken bosom, when calling to recollection his wife and child, he was enabled, by the grace of God, to bow to the Divine will. He had, indeed, tasted of the bitter cup of affliction; but the Holy Spirit, the "Comforter," had instructed him to bless the hand by which it had been administered.

But the trials of Richard were not yet terminated. He had recently sustained some heavy losses in his business, his cattle died, and for several successive years his crops had partially failed. His physical powers were also considerably weakened, and he felt himself inadequate to attend to the labors of his farm. Owing to these unforeseen occurrences, his circumstances became embarrassed, and poverty pursued him with rapid strides; so that within the space of six months after the death of his wife he was compelled to relinquish his farm, and to rent a small cottage in the outskirts of the village. Several of his neighbors, whose pity was awakened by his misfortunes, raised a sum of money, by subscription, to meet his present exigencies. With this pecuniary aid, thus spontaneously tendered, he purchased a horse and cart, and commenced the business of a carrier. By conveying passengers and parcels to and from B., three times a week, he was enabled to procure a comfortable subsistence.

One stormy evening, in the dreary month of November, as he was returning home in his humble vehicle, laden with boxes and parcels of merchandise, he experienced much difficulty in keeping in the right direction, owing to the dense fog, which rendered every object on the road entirely imperceptible. When he had accomplished about half the distance, he was accosted by the voice of a female, earnestly entreating a ride to the village. The woman, who was muffled in a large cloak, appeared to be much fatigued by the exercise of walking, and the benevolent carrier assisted her into his cart. The night continued intensely dark, and the wind, which had slumbered during the day, now began to howl in loud and fitful gusts; which caused the weakened frame of Richard and that of his female passenger to shiver with the violence of the cold. Scarcely a word passed between them, as the vehicle moved slowly along the narrow lane, till they at length arrived at the carrier's dwelling.

"Have you far to go?" said Richard, addressing the female when she had alighted.

"About half a mile," was the reply.

"Then you had better step into my house for a few minutes, and warm yourself before proceeding farther."

To this she cheerfully consented; and while seated near the fire the tears began to fill her eyes, and moisten her pale cheek.

"You appear to be unhappy," said the carrier; "has any misfortune occurred to you?"

The female now fixed her sunken eyes steadfastly on the countenance of Richard. "Surely," said she, "I am not mistaken; that must be the

voice of farmer L. If so, you are my father—my injured father!"

Richard caught a nearer and more distinct glance of her face. It was that of his daughter. But O how changed! Then falling on her neck, he wildly exclaimed, "My child! my child!"

PART II.

"O the dark days of vanity! while here

How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!

Gone! They never go—when past, they haunt us still."

There are feelings produced in the mind of an affectionate parent by the sudden and unexpected recognition of a child whose absence he has long mourned, which the power of language can not adequately describe. These feelings are more or less excited by the recollections, whether melancholy or pleasurable, which such a recognition involuntarily calls forth. Whether the absence of that child were occasioned by undutiful behavior or by some providential interposition, his unlooked-for return will create in the bosom the most grateful emotions. Such emotions were experienced by the father of the prodigal in the Gospel, when he beheld, from a distance, his younger son, who had recklessly plunged into every excess of folly, now returning as a humble penitent to the home of his childhood. And also by the venerable patriarch, when he wept on the bosom of his beloved Joseph, who had "never transgressed his father's command at any time," and whom he had for many years mourned as numbered with the dead.

The reader may conceive the sensations which pervaded the mind of Richard, when he recognized in the person of his female passenger his long-lost daughter, who, after a mysterious absence of eighteen months, now appeared before him as one alive from the dead. She had grievously sinned; but he did not chide her. She was penitent, and he forgave her. She was his only child, and he clasped her to his bosom!

The particulars of her history during her long absence may be soon told. And it is hoped that the recital of her privations and sufferings, both mental and physical, during that period, will prove a salutary warning to those thoughtless females, who, in defiance of parental authority, will heedlessly hazard the temptations of a ball-room, under the specious plea of engaging in a rational recreation.

"Let not the fervent tongue,

Prompt to deceive, with adulations smooth,

Gain on their purpos'd will."

Mary acknowledged the fact of her elopement with the stranger with whom she had danced at the inn. Fascinated by his personal appearance and insinuating address, and deluded by his solemn promise of a matrimonial alliance immediately on their arrival in London, she rashly consented to accompany him to the metropolis. That promise, however, as may well be imagined, was never fulfilled. Nor was it till she found herself deserted by the

unprincipled stranger, after a month's residence in London, that the infatuated girl became sensible of her guilt and degradation. The airy visions which had been floating before her deluded imagination now passed away, and she awoke to all the horrors of unmitigated wretchedness. She was now among strangers, far from the place of her birth, and almost in a state of pecuniary destitution. What would she do? To return home was impossible; for she was too deeply sensible of her shame to meet the reproving glance of her parents. Nor could she brook the finger of scorn, which she had too much reason to know would be pointed against her by the companions of her youth. She was resolved, for a season, at least, to remain in London, and by the labor of her hands to procure the necessities of life. But here another difficulty presented itself—"In what employment could she engage?" She was totally unacquainted with household affairs, and, consequently, unfitted for the duties of a servant. She thought herself competent to undertake the situation of a governess, having received a liberal education at a respectable seminary near her native village. But what family would receive her without a character? She could paint; and there appeared to be no alternative in her present position than to try her skill in this accomplishment to procure a livelihood. In this department she had the satisfaction to find that her efforts were crowned with success; and for several months she found a ready sale for the productions of her pencil, though at an exceedingly low price, from a print-seller in the Strand. But even this resource failed on the approach of winter; for she was now informed by the purchaser, that, notwithstanding he duly appreciated her productions, he was overstocked with such articles, and must decline making any additional purchases. Still she labored assiduously in the hope of disposing of them to other parties. Her expectations, however, were again doomed to be disappointed. She could obtain no purchasers. At length, poverty began to stare her in the face. Finding that she had no means of defraying her arrears of rent, and being also threatened with law, owing to the non-payment of a small bill which she had contracted at a baker's shop, in order to be preserved from actual starvation, she was compelled to dispose of the whole of her drawings—the labor of many weary days and nights—for a few shillings. And to realize the remainder of the amount due, she also parted with some superfluous articles of dress. Being now unable any longer to retain her present lodgings, she was thrust into the streets, without a friend—without even an acquaintance—to whom she could disclose the sorrows of her bosom.

It was now the season of Christmas—a period of the year which she had ever anticipated with rapturous emotions, and which she had invariably spent under the roof of her parents. A deep groan of anguish burst from her wounded spirit, while contrasting those days of sunshine and innocence

with the wintery desolation that now reigned in her stricken heart, and which was "freezing the genial current of her soul."

"One forlorn hope is left me," she muttered, while hurrying along Blackfriar's Road. "If I can obtain apartments, however small, in the suburbs of the city, where rent is not so exorbitant, I may, by patient perseverance, succeed in establishing a little school."

On and on she went, along the slippery pavement, almost perished with the piercing air. Colder and colder blew the northern blast, and she wrapt her cloak more closely around her shivering frame. She continued to urge on her way, regardless of the scrutinizing gaze of the multitude, till she at length arrived at Camborwell, where, after a vigilant inquiry, she succeeded in obtaining, at a small rent, two rooms in the house of a respectable widow. The next day she canvassed the neighborhood for pupils, and success beyond her most sanguine expectations rewarded her exertions. She soon established a school, and, by prompt attention to the training of the children, was enabled to procure a comfortable competency.

During the ensuing summer her health began to decline. The rose, which for many years had bloomed in her "damask cheek," was already faded, and her constitution, which she imagined was naturally vigorous, was giving way under the inroads of latent disease. The close confinement of her school became necessarily irksome, and its constant duties too much for her wasting strength. She would often seek relaxation in the exercise of walking, particularly in the more retired parts of that interesting locality, and the freshening air afforded her a temporary relief. One beautiful morning, in the month of September, she extended her walk as far as St. James Park, and, being much fatigued, sat down on one of the rustic benches, so conveniently placed for the accommodation of the London loiterers. The foliage of the majestic trees was beginning to assume a rich autumnal hue, and the lovely walks, which form one of the most attractive promenades to the metropolitan idlers, were crowded with gay and fashionable visitors. The military band was playing, and the spirit-stirring sound of the brazen instruments, accompanied by the loud beating of the drums, fell harmoniously on the ear. The popular air of "Home! sweet home!" was one of the tunes played. Every note, as it was borne along by the gently swelling breeze, smote upon the afflicted heart of Mary, and tended to open the springs of feeling which had not yet been dried up in her soul. The retrospect of the past, especially the peaceful home she had forsaken, and which might never more afford her an asylum from the world's derision, caused the tears to flow in abundance from her swollen eyes. At this moment her attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of her cruel betrayer, accompanied by an interesting-looking female, leaning on his arm.

"Poor young woman!" said the female, as she fixed her eyes on Mary, "I fear she is ill. Shall we speak to her?"

Her conscience-stricken companion, looking in another direction, hurried her away, and both were soon lost among the crowd of passengers.

PART III.

"Thus lived, thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear
Which colder hearts endure, till they are laid
By age in earth."

If the melodious strains of the military music, especially the melancholy air which was played on the occasion, awakened in the mind of Mary recollections of home, associated with sentiments of remorse for the false step she had taken, the reader may well conceive the agitated state of her feelings on the sudden appearance of the base destroyer of her peace. A dizziness instantly came over her, and she would have fainted had not an elderly lady, who had been secretly watching her countenance, come forward to her assistance. In a short time, by the aid thus opportunely afforded, she has sufficiently recovered to retrace her steps to Camberwell. An illness of several weeks' duration subsequently confined her to her chamber. During this affliction she was occasionally visited by two pious females, connected with the *Benevolent, or Strangers' Friend Society*; and who, in addition to the pecuniary assistance allowed by that excellent institution in ordinary cases of distress, contributed liberally out of their own private resources to meet her present exigencies.

But the visits of these "angels of mercy" were not confined to the benevolent purpose of supplying her temporal necessities; they were chiefly devoted to the higher object of ministering to her spiritual wants. And of this she had much need. With respect to the essential principles of evangelical truth, they found her in a state of profound ignorance. During her residence in London she had never read a page of the sacred volume; neither had she, as yet, attended a place of worship. But her mind was open to conviction, and, under the influence of divine grace, which accompanied the instructions of the pious visitors, she was eventually brought as a sincere penitent to the foot of the cross. Humbled under a sense of guilt, she besought the Lord, with "strong cries," to have mercy on her wretched soul. Long and severe was the struggle; the heavens seemed as brass to her prayers. At length she was enabled to plead, in faith, that comfortable promise of the Savior, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Her faith was counted to her for righteousness, and she obtained rest to her afflicted soul.

Her health had also improved, and she flattered herself with a hope of a speedy restoration to convalescence. Having now acquired sufficient

strength to leave her sick-chamber, she availed herself of the earliest opportunity of recounting to her benevolent friends the particulars of her melancholy history. After listening to the affecting account, they importuned her to return, with as little delay as possible, to her father's house; and for this purpose, finding she cheerfully acquiesced in the proposal, furnished her with the means of defraying the expenses of her journey by train.

Accordingly, the day of her departure was fixed, and on the following Monday she was to return to her native village. On the Sabbath preceding she accompanied the ladies to a chapel in the neighborhood. The sermon, which was delivered with considerable pathos, and embodying some of the vital truths of the Gospel, proved both profitable and edifying. At the close of the service the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered by the officiating minister. And for the first time in her life Mary knelt at the table of the Lord to commemorate his dying love. The season was one of deep solemnity—a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

The next morning she took an affectionate farewell of her dear and valued friends; and, having taken her seat in one of the railway carriages, gazed, for the last time, on the spires, and domes, and lofty pinnacles, which proudly nodded over the gay metropolis. The train arrived in the town of B. at an early hour in the evening. It was in the month of November; and, as I before observed, the atmosphere was unusually foggy. Without staying to rest in the town, she at once proceeded on foot to the village. The circumstances attending her journey, and the unexpected recognition of her father in the person of the carrier, I have already related.

In the various occurrences of this checkered scene of action events will sometimes take place which so powerfully affect the mind, that neither change of scene nor of society can obliterate the remembrance. From a sensitive mind especially the impression of such events will never be effaced, till the friendly hand of death wipe it away forever. Such was the case with Mary. The remembrance of the past would ever and anon cast a shadow over the sunshine of her youthful bosom which she found impracticable to dispel. Her cruel disregard of parental authority; her elopement with an entire stranger; the miseries and privations which that guilty step had entailed upon her; and, more than all, the death of her affectionate mother, which was doubtless accelerated by her disobedience—these were the subjects which constantly occupied her thoughts, the bare recollection of which was attended with much mental dejection. Her constitution, also, which had been already weakened by repeated attacks of illness, was rapidly sinking. So that scarcely had the spring's "ethereal mildness" succeeded the howling blasts of winter, or crowned the banks with violets, when the corpse

of Mary was carried to the village church-yard, and laid by the side of her deceased mother. But peaceful was her dying hour; for death had lost its sting, and she was fully prepared, through the merits of the Redeemer, for the paradise of God.

"My dear, you will soon mingle with the angels of heaven," said Richard, as he hung weeping over her dying bed.

"I think I hear them already calling me away," she faintly whispered. "And O how sweet, how soothing to my soul is the prospect of glory! And to think that it is prepared for me, who am so unworthy! But tell me, my beloved father, that you forgive me for the uneasiness I have occasioned you. I know you forgive me; but tell me once more."

With tears streaming from his eyes, the aged man stooped down, and once more impressed upon the lips of his expiring child a kiss of forgiveness. Hope, for a moment, lighted up her dying eyes; and while an "angel-smile" played on her beautiful features, she softly whispered a last adieu to her parent. Then, bursting from its tenement of clay, her happy spirit soared to heaven, to mingle her halleluiahs with those of the glorified spirits.

Though the existence of this young female was thus favored with so peaceful, so triumphant a close—though her dying expressions conveyed a satisfactory assurance of a hope beyond the grave, let none be encouraged to plunge into the same follies or to run into the same excesses, under the presumptuous expectation of experiencing the same tranquillity of mind in the closing scene of life. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?" Though God delights in mercy, and is willing to pardon the chief of sinners, yet he will assuredly exercise mercy toward none but those who repent and forsake their sins. To all such he addresses the language of tenderness and exhortation: "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Mary had sinned—greatly sinned. But when she humbled herself before God as a sincere penitent—when, with true contrition of soul, she pleaded the blood of the Savior, she obtained remission of sins. This blessing she continued to "hold fast" by the exercise of faith. But the recollection of her past misdeeds—though now freely forgiven—while it tended to keep alive in her mind an utter abhorrence of sin, was followed, even in her final hour, with feelings of humiliation and shame.

THE way to heaven is not the "primrose path of dalliance," which some do vainly tread; but the narrow way, rugged and thorny, of which Jesus spoke, that enters through the strait gate into the city.

"WHERE WAS YOUR CHURCH BEFORE LUTHER?"

THE Reformation was not the formation of a new Church, but the reformation of an old one. Roman Catholics would have us believe that our Church is a new one, and was founded only at the Reformation: our answer should be, Not at all; it was not a creation, but a restoration. The Rhone runs along Europe till it issues into the Lake of Geneva; it falls into that lake a mixture of mud and water. After it leaves the Lake of Geneva, the river emerges clear and crystalline as when it first came from its fountain. Suppose now that the muddy Rhone, prior to its entrance into the lake, were to become animate and vocal, and were to call across the lake to the stream that flowed from it with crystalline purity, "You are an upstart stream: I am the Rhone, you are a totally distinct river: there is no relationship between you and me: I have nothing to do with you: you are a modern thing: your fountain and origin is Geneva: I am the ancient stream: I come from the pristine fountain, unmixed and perfect." The reply of the river as it leaves the lake, could it also become animate and vocal, would be, "You are mistaken—you must have very bad advisers—I am still the original stream: all I have left in the lake is the mud that was mingled with me: and purified and unfettered, I press onward with waters of pristine beauty to the sea: all I have left behind me is nothing, I assure you, but the mud that mingled with you in your lapse through many lands." So is it with the Reformation. What the Lake of Geneva is to the Rhone, that the Reformation is to the Church of Christ. All that the Reformation did, was to separate superstition from Christianity, and leave the stream of truth to flow onward in its purity, refreshing many lands, and creating around it all green and beautiful spots till it is lost in the ocean of eternity.

Or, to use another figure: A broker, a few years since, was purchasing pictures in Paris: he found one which was a beautiful painting of the Virgin Mary: he purchased it for a little, hoping to sell it for much. He began to clean the picture, according to the process that cleaners of paintings employ. In doing so, by accident a little fragment of the countenance of the Virgin scaled off, and he saw where the fragment scaled off something far more beautiful below it. This tempted him to scale off a bit more, and he found it was the masterpiece of one of the most illustrious masters, representing the Lord Jesus. Now, what the picture-cleaner did to this painting, Martin Luther and John Knox did to the Church at the Reformation. The incrustation of saints they scraped off. Knox did it often very roughly, but he did it well; they scraped off the pictures of the saints, and there burst forth, in all its glory, the representation of the Son of God; and in the background, shining in his light, the Church purchased with his precious blood, "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

The Church of Christ is to be traced, not by the

glittering dress that clothes its exterior—not by the pageantry of cathedral processions—not by mitred abbots and tiaraed popes; but by its separation from the world—by the holiness of its ministers and its faithful ones; by the stains of the blood which they shed—by the clank of their chains—by their bones that still lie bleached upon the Cottian Alps; not by the grandeur of their robes, but by the glory of their principles—not by the splendor they have reflected upon the page of history, but by the blood-bought privileges they have bequeathed to us, their unworthy but their honored successors.—*Dr. Cumming's Apocalyptic Sketches.*

FADED LOVELINESS.

BY REV. M. N. OLMSTEDT.

On the outskirts of the neat little village of P., commanding a distant view of Long Island and the waters which separate it from Connecticut, once lived the blooming, affectionate, and much-loved SARAH L.

Being the only offspring of her parents, and of a most amiable disposition, she became evidently their idol. Eighteen summers had bloomed and passed away since first she breathed the vital air, but as yet neither herself nor her fond parents had obtained the "pearl of great price." They were not Christians. Although they were all regular attendants of the holy sanctuary, and Sarah had been promoted from a scholar to a teacher in the Sabbath school, yet no father's voice was heard at the domestic altar, or godly counsel and pious example given by her fond mother. Their plans seemed all to be devised and executed to gratify the taste, and secure the present happiness of their only child.

But, alas! how transitory are all the joys of earth! During the cold, bleak month of December, 1850, disease fastened upon her frame, and death marked this lovely young lady as its victim. Her physician and friends generally had no fears of a speedy dissolution; yet her case was watched with deep solicitude by the anxious parents.

On Christmas day a large company of friends were gathering for a friendly greeting at the parsonage. Sarah expressed a desire to be present, but was prevailed upon to remain home on account of her health and the rough state of the weather, with a promise that she should make her visit in company with her mother during the week. But, alas! she had already made her last visit.

The next evening the writer called to see her. During the day she expressed fears that she should die, and that she was not prepared for the solemn change. She prayed much, and requested others to do the same. Her last sun had already risen and sunk behind the western hills. The sable curtains of night had fallen upon the earth—fit emblem of the gloom that settled down within those

walls. All around was still, save here and there amid the group a half-drawn sigh which struggled for utterance. As we knelt in prayer, her mild but expressive eyes were fixed on him who led the devotions, which seemed to speak volumes of the solemnity of the hour, while every heart, kindling with emotion, burst forth in strong cries and tears.

The prayer was ended. Her eyes were raised to heaven, and fixed, while the spirit trembled on the utmost verge of time. The frantic mother rushed forward, and, with streaming eyes and a most imploring look, fell prostrate at the dying couch, and cried, "Lord Jesus, receive her spirit." The minister pointed her upward to Calvary's bleeding Lamb, and exhorted her, with many a precious promise, to give her heart to God. Thus, amid a scene replete with anguish and most intense solicitude, the spirit took its flight.

Her earthly remains now rest in the old graveyard, on the side of the hill, with a neat inclosure, which may be seen in the distance from that once cheerful but now lonely and childless home. There the stranger, as well as surviving relatives and friends, will often read, in a striking emblem and appropriate lines engraved on the cold white marble, the sad tale of woe.

THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

EARLY in the morning, as twilight appeared, a pious father arose with his wife from the nightly couch, and they thanked God for the new day, and the strengthening influence of sleep.

And the light of the morning shone in the chamber, and seven children lay in their beds sleeping.

And they looked at the children by turns, and the mother said, "There are seven in number! Alas! it will be difficult for us to maintain them."

But the father smiled, and said, "Behold, do they not all seven lie and sleep? And they have all red cheeks, and twilight again beams upon them, so that they appear more beautiful, like seven blooming roses. Mother, this is a testimony that He who has made the light of the morning, and sends reviving sleep, is true and unchangeable."

And as they came out of the chamber, there stood at the door fourteen shoes in a row, differing in size, being two for each child. And the mother observed that there were many, and she wept.

But the father answered, and said, "Why do you weep? They have all seven been blessed with sprightly feet, and why should we be troubled about that which is veiled in futurity! If the children have confidence in us, shall we not trust in Him, who has a greater power than we can understand! Behold, his sun appears! Let us then begin our daily course like him, with a joyful countenance."

Thus they spoke and labored, and God blessed their work, so that they had enough. For faith increases courage, and love warrants strength.—*German Parables.*

THE SPIDER.

BY REV. T. M. FULLERTON.

As once I sat in pensive mood,
 Awhile o'er human ills to brood,
 And think of disappointed hopes,
 And of the many "downs and ups"
 We mortals have, my vacant view,
 And pensive mood, and troubles, too,
 Were quite dispell'd, as at my feet
 A spider fell from high retreat
 And blissful 'bode in cobwebb'd roof,
 As vision quickly gave me proof.

As round it raved in nether sphere,
 Methought I saw a tiny tear
 In its blue eye, and heard a sigh
 As heaved its breast, while looking high
 To its lost state of happiness,
 Which never more it might possess.

Its tear won tear, and sigh won sigh,
 And its despair won sympathy,
 And thought chased thought away.
 How fell it? thoughtless—careless—say,
 Or curious, which? Was it to try
 Some lower clime that it did fly
 The higher state? Ah! now, methought,
 A bitter cup it drinks for naught.

But 'neath my pitying gaze its eye
 Beamed hope, as if intent to try
 Mid-air to rise. With might and main
 It leap'd, but fell not back again.
 Why wonder that I wondered then!
 What mortal eye hath ever seen
 Or man, or beast, or insect lift
 Itself? What mighty power such gift
 To this imparts?

Just then old Sol
 One ray sent through the crevic'd wall,
 And visible appeared a cord
 Of silken texture, reaching down
 From ceiling high, it to afford
 A highway to its forfeit crown.
 Nor this alone—the cord was food;
 When toiling hard it freely fed.
 As labor, so was progress good,
 As up its silken path it sped.
 But oft, through carelessness or sloth,
 It backward slipp'd, and haggard grew,
 As one who halting seems so loth
 To choose, will likely nothing do:
 Till late grown wise by failing oft,
 And lean and desp'rate grown, its eye,
 With hope illum'd, directs aloft,
 And toils and gains its home on high.

My respiration came once more,
 And freely flowed my blood again—
 A blood-washed soul has gained the shore
 Of bliss, immortal there to reign.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

EARTH'S SORROWING ONES.

BY REV. ANGELO CANOZZI.

This earth hath sorrowing ones:
 Misfortune's daughters, sons,
 They find no joy
 In life's tumultuous round;
 It hath no pleasant sound;
 No, but griefs profound
 Their hearts employ.

Pleasure, Ambition, Love,
 Friends that oft faithful prove,
 Smile not on them.
 Faded Love's early dream,
 Perished Hope's beauteous beam,
 Sink they beneath the stream
 They can not stem.

These you may always tell;
 Some tokens e'er reveal
 The truth to me.
 Softly and sad they move;
 Look, mien, and voice of love
 E'er seek the bliss to prove
 Of sympathy.

Ah! but their hearts so riven
 Are to sweet mercies given;
 Of feeling full.
 Influence sweet they shed;
 Perfume o'er earth that's spread;
 Kind deeds, of angels read,
 Bless their soft rule.

Bleak is the world to these;
 Cold each alternate breeze.
 O, 'tis their lot,
 Blessing, unblest to be,
 Wait and weep silently,
 Till from a troubled sea
 Pass they, forgot!

DIRGE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A few frail summers had touched thee,
 As they touch the lute;
 Not so bright as thy hair was the sunshine,
 Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
 Hushed the voice, shorn the lute—all is over;
 An urn of white ashes remains;
 Nothing else—save the tears in our eyes,
 Save our bitterest, bitterest pains!
 We garland the urn with white roses;
 Burn incense and gums on the shrine;
 Play old tunes with the saddest of closes—
 Dear tunes, that were thine!
 But in vain, all in vain;
 Thou art gone—we remain!

THE UPAS-TREE—VALLEY OF DEATH.

THE famed upas-tree, in its history, concentrates the elements of all that is strange and fearful in romance. In the sixteenth century stories circulated about the Macassar poison-tree of Celebes; and physicians and naturalists came gradually to tell of the action of the poison. The description of its qualities had become so terrible, that if the smallest quantity entered the blood, not only immediate death resulted, but its action was so fearfully destructive, that within half an hour afterward the flesh fell from the bones. The first description of the tree was given by Neuhoef in 1682. Dreadful as the poison is represented to be by this old author, his accounts are free from the gloomy fables which subsequent writers promulgated. At the end of the seventeenth century, Gervaise asserted, that merely to touch or smell the tree was fatal; and in Camel—1704—we find the story, that the vapor from the tree destroyed every thing living for a considerable distance around, and that the birds which settled on it died, unless they immediately ate the seeds of the *nux vomica*, by which, indeed, their lives were saved, but with the loss of all their feathers. Before this time, Argensola had told of a tree in the neighborhood of which every one fell asleep, and if he approached it on the west side, died; while if he came to it on the east side, that very sleep shielded him from the deadly action. It was now said, also, that the collection of the poison was committed solely to criminals whose lives were forfeited, and who escaped their punishment if they successfully completed their task. From Rumph we learned that the poison-tree is also met with in Sumatra, Borneo, and Bali, as well as in Celebes.

The admixture of fable and truth which characterized all these early descriptions arose from confounding the deadly qualities of two very different trees, which grow side by side amid the luxuriance of the Japanese forest. The one is a climbing shrub, belonging to the dogbanes, from the roots of which the *upas radia*, or sovereign poison, is prepared. The other is a tall cylindrical tree, with a tender and easily wounded bark, the milky sap of which produces immediate and dangerous ulcers. This sap is the ready-made poison so widely known, and which is especially employed in poisoning arrows. From Schleiden's description of a Javanese forest we take the following passage:

"All is full of animal life, a strong contrast to the desert and silent character of many of the primeval forests of America. Here a twining, climbing shrub, with a trunk as thick as one's arm, coils round the columns of the dome, overpassing the loftiest trees, often quite simple and unbranched for a length of a hundred feet from the root, but curved and winding in the most varied forms. The large, shining green leaves alternate with the long and stout tendrils with which it takes firm hold, and greenish-white heads of pleasant-smelling flowers hang pendant from it. This

plant, belonging to the dogbanes, is the *Tjettek* of the natives—*Strychnos Tienté*, Lesch.—from the roots of which the dreadful *upas radia*, or sovereign poison, is concocted. A slight wound from a weapon poisoned with this—a little arrow made of hardwood, and shot from the blow-tube, as by the South Americans—makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions. The shrub itself is harmless, and he whose skin may have been touched with its juice need fear no consequences. As we go forward, we meet with a beautiful slender stem, which overtops the neighboring plants. Perfectly cylindrical, it rises sixty or eighty feet, smooth, and without a branch, and bears an elegant hemispherical crown, which proudly looks down on the more humble growths around, and the many climbers struggling up its stem. Woe to him who heedlessly should touch the milk-sap that flows abundantly from its easily-wounded bark. Large blisters, painful ulcers, like those produced by our poisonous sumach, only more dangerous, are the inevitable consequences. This is the *Antiar* of the Javanese, the *Pohon upas*—signifying the poison-tree—of the Malays, the *Ipo* of Celebes and the Philippines—*Antiaris toxicaria*, Lesch. From it comes the common upas—*Anglicé* poison—which is especially employed for poisoning arrows; a custom which appears to have extended formerly throughout all the Sunda Islands, but which is now, since the introduction of fire-arms, only to be met with among the savages of the rugged and inaccessible mountains of the interior of the islands."

To this common upas apply many of the legends of the early travelers; but the exaggerated reports as to the noxious properties of both poison-trees were mixed up, in eastern minds, with equally exaggerated statements regarding another natural phenomenon of a not less rare and striking character. The mountains of Java are the seat of numerous volcanoes, which in modern times have been frequently in activity, producing numerous changes in the local surface, and extensive devastation. One consequence of the upheaval of rocks so often seen in volcanic countries is the production of cracks and fissures, often of great length and width; the sinking of portions of the surface, so as to form valleys, sometimes only of a small extent; the elevation of hills or mountains, etc. Now, through the fissures thus produced a heavy kind of air, very generally known now to educated people by the name of *carbonic acid* gas, is found in volcanic countries to issue often in very large quantity. It does so near the living volcanoes of Italy and Sicily, but in still more marked quantity in the extinct volcanic region of Andernach and the Laacher Sea, on the left bank of the Rhine. Where this gas issues into caves or pits, it collects and forms an atmosphere which is fatal to animal life. Where it flows at once into the open air, it is generally carried off by the wind as fast as it

appears, and so speedily mixed with the atmosphere as to produce no injurious effects. But if the locality in which it rises be low-lying, and sheltered from the passing breeze, it may accumulate so as to form an atmosphere of a limited extent, in which no living thing can draw more than one single breath. Such a spot exists in Java; and in the days when the gas of which we have spoken was unknown, and its general evolution in volcanic countries not understood, it was no way surprising that the existence of this poison-valley should be connected with that of the poison-trees which grew at no great distance from it. It was natural both for the comparatively ignorant eastern writer so to connect the marvelous effects of each, and for the intelligent European naturalist to copy some of their mistakes, which his defective science did not enable him to detect. Our author thus vividly describes the poisonous locality:

"Leaving the thickets of the forest, and climbing a moderate hill, suddenly, in a narrow flat valley, a horrible wilderness, a true palace of death, spreads itself out before the eyes of the shuddering wanderer. No trace of thriving vegetation screens the naked sun-scorched earth. Skeletons of all kinds of animals bestrew the ground. There is it often seen how the terrible tiger, in the moment when he has seized his prey, is himself overtaken by destruction; how the bird of prey, hurrying to feed upon the fresh carcass, falls into the maw of death. Dead beetles, ants, and other insects lie in heaps around, and testify still more how apt the name, 'Valley of Death,' or, 'Poison Valley,' as these places are called by the natives. The formidable character of these localities is owing to exhalations from the soil, consisting of carbonic acid gas, which, on account of its weight, is a long time in diffusing itself through the air. Exactly as in the celebrated *Grotto del Cane* at Naples, in the vapor caves of Pymont, this gas causes inevitable death by asphyxia to all near the surface of the soil. Man alone, to whom God has given it to walk erect, traverses usually uninjured these deserted tracks, since the poisonous exhalations do not reach up to his head. As the natives of the Himalayas ascribed the difficulty of respiration experienced in the higher alpine passes, fifteen thousand and sixteen thousand feet above the sea, to the exhalations of poisonous plants, so were the terrible phenomena of the death-valleys connected with the action of the Antiar poison and the deadly touch of the Pohon upas; and it is natural that the legends should have gradually assumed their so frightful character, since, even up to the present time, no antidote to those violent and rapidly acting vegetable matters has been discovered."

A band of unlettered savages set out on a religious pilgrimage to the crater of Galung Jung, the most remarkable of the Javanese volcanoes. On their way through the forest they dig up the root of the tjettek, and poison arrows for their defense as they traverse the woods, fierce with wild ele-

phants and beasts of prey. Hastily proceeding, one of the party incautiously wounds the bark of the deadly antiar. His cries and sudden pain arrest his comrades, who crowd around him beneath the tree. A random arrow has grazed an upper branch, and the milky sap, exuding, drops on the naked shoulders of the gathered group. Again pains and cries alarm them, and all flee from the fearful tree. The infected soon lag behind, and are left to die while the others hurry forward till the outskirts of the forest are reached. They walk in amazement over a field of skeletons and bodies half decayed. An antelope rushes from the wood behind them, a tiger follows, and while each savage prepares his shooting-reed, both animals drop dead before them. They rush across the bony space, and breathless pause beneath the first group of trees on its farther margin. They fling themselves on the naked earth to rest. Some, with face to the ground, sink instantly to sleep; others, on their backs, more slowly become motionless and insensible; while others again, who lie where a gentle breeze from the coast comes through the mephitic air, sink into natural slumbers, and awake refreshed. But their companions are beyond awakening, and a new terror seizes the survivors, when they find so many of their companions unaccountably bereft of life. The poisonous gas, now too shallow to arrest even the smaller quadrupeds, still spreads snake-like along the soil, and brings death to the reclining head. Returning from their unfinished journey, the sad and lessened band recount, in exaggerated words, to credulous, eastern ears, their disastrous experience. And thus in popular legends were naturally interwoven all the marvels of the fabled upas-tree—false in so far as they were ascribed to the agency of one natural cause, yet all substantially true as descriptions of observed natural effects.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

You know my opinion of female society; without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift—a poor one, I grant—to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion—next to his Creator—to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it from the pollution that besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that will "wear well." One thing at least is true: that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find enjoyment in study; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*John Randolph*.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY S. WILLIAMS.

A MILITARY CAMPAIGN IN THE WAR OF 1812.

(First Paper)

IN a note appended to chapter seventeenth of "Leaves from an Autobiography," in the March number of the Ladies' Repository, the reader was advised that the chapter series was then closed, and that our future extracts from that work should be more desultory, and without any serial connection. The change was not of our own choice, but adopted on learning that continuous articles, in chapters or other divisions, running through many successive numbers of a periodical, have not, with general readers, the interest which short, isolated articles impart. And we may be permitted to repeat here to new readers what was stated in the introduction to the serial chapters, that the autobiography of Mr. W. was drawn up by him for the use of his family only, and without any view whatever to its publication. The manuscript of that work, in twelve hundred large quarto pages, now before us, is interspersed with historical sketches, biographical notices, incidents, and events of the last half century—

"All which he saw, and part of which he was."

From these pages we shall cull, for our future contributions, such passages as may seem suitable for the columns of the Repository.

The war with Great Britain in 1812, '13, '14, was an eventful period in the history of our country, and was fruitful of thrilling incidents and stirring events, of deep concern at the time, and of much interest even at this late day. Many narratives of campaigns and sketches of scenes in that war have been given to the world by eye-witnesses. Who has not read in the Ladies' Repository, some years ago, the narration of the thrilling incidents and vivid sketches from the graphic pen of Rev. A. M. Lorrain, of the Cincinnati conference? In that war, in early life, he took an active part in the tented field in defense of his country's rights. He was a member of the far-famed company of "Petersburg Volunteers," composed of patriotic young men, the elite of Petersburg, Va., which marched more than six hundred miles on foot to join the North-Western Army on the northern frontier of Ohio. That brave company was distinguished for its deeds of noble daring at the siege of Fort Meigs on the Maumee river. For the last thirty years, however, brother Lorrain has been doing effective battle in a nobler field, against a more subtle and dangerous foe. But "the weapons of his warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of the prince of darkness.

In that war Mr. W., too, bore his humble part in the military service of his country. The narrative of

his two campaigns—in 1812 and 1813—is contained in the volume before us. But as he never met his country's foes in the embattled field, he has no scenes of blood and carnage to describe. His dull, prosaic pen makes no pretensions to the fire and vigor of that wielded by our much-esteemed friend before named. Yet, from his narration of occurrences which fell under his own notice, the young reader of the present day may learn something not elsewhere found in the history of that period.

The declaration of war against Great Britain was made by an act of Congress, passed in secret session, on the 18th of June, 1812. Two or three months prior to that declaration, and in anticipation of it, a large military force was drawn together at Cincinnati, under the command of Brigadier-General William Hull, an old and distinguished veteran officer of the Revolutionary army. The force thus concentrated was called the "North-Western Army," and soon marched for the north-western frontier—the Detroit river.* At Urbana he was joined by two other regiments of Ohio volunteers, from the Scioto and Muskingum valleys, under the command respectively of Colonel Duncan M'Arthur and Colonel Lewis Cass. A few miles north of Urbana the army entered the wilderness, and from thence to the Grand Rapids of the Maumee river—about a hundred miles—had to cut and open a wagon road through a dense, unbroken forest. It was the intention of the Secretary of War that the army should reach Detroit before war would be declared, and ample time was given General Hull to reach that point before that time. But from want of energy in the General, the dispatch from the War Department to him, announcing the "Declaration," found the General and his army at the foot of the Rapids of the Maumee. To expedite the march thence to Detroit, General Hull chartered a schooner then in the Maumee Bay, and on board of it he put a large portion of the army baggage and provision, together with his military chest, and all his papers, including the official copy of the Declaration of War, and all his instructions, plans of the campaign, etc., to be shipped to Detroit. This schooner, on its passage up the Detroit river, was seized by the British naval force lying at anchor opposite Fort Malden, on the Canada side. General Brock, the British Commander-in-chief on that frontier, had, through the vigilance of British spies at Washington, been put in possession of the fact of the declaration of war before it reached General Hull, and hence the capture of the schooner. The loss of this vessel and its valuable cargo was disastrous to the American army; while the possession of the instructions and plans of the campaign from the War Department, and the baggage and military stores, was a most important acquisition to the enemy. And General Brock, as a skillful

*A regiment of Ohio volunteers from Cincinnati, under Colonel James Findley, marched with General Hull.

and experienced soldier, well availed himself of this advantage, as the sequel will show.

That General Hull must have foreseen—nay, perhaps, deliberately intended—the capture of this richly freighted schooner by the enemy, seems hardly to admit of a doubt. And this is manifest by the history and disastrous termination of this first campaign of the North-Western Army, and by the subsequent trial of the General before a military court-martial, and the sentence of death passed upon him for treason.

The British fleet had the command of Lake Erie, and the only route by which supplies could reach the army at Detroit was overland, by very bad roads, from the settlements in southern Ohio, a distance of over two hundred miles, and at an enormous expense. The transit of provisions was not only very tedious, but, as the intermediate wilderness was occupied in force by hostile tribes of Indians in the interest and employ of the enemy, every brigade of wagons or pack-horses, or drove of beef cattle, had to be guarded by a strong military force. To keep the communication open for this purpose was left for the Ohio militia. About the 18th of July Governor Meigs, then at Chillicothe, received, by express, the following dispatch from General Hull:

"DETROIT, 11th July, 1812.

"DEAR SIR,—The army arrived here on the 5th inst. I have now only time to state to you, that we are very deficient in provisions, and I have authorized Mr. Piatt* to furnish a supply for two months.

"The communication must be preserved by your militia, or this army will perish for the want of provisions. We have the fullest confidence that you will do all in your power to prevent so distressing a calamity to this patriotic army.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your most ob't. serv't.,

"W. HULL.

"HIS EXCELLENCY, R. J. MEIGS,

"Governor of Ohio."

The original autograph letter from which we copy the above is now before us, stitched into the autobiography of Mr. W. How he became possessed of this important official document he has now no recollection; but supposes it had been handed to him by Governor Meigs, about the time of its receipt, to copy, and in the hurry of the moment its return overlooked. The letter has been in his possession ever since, and is now first given to the world, as a scrap of the history of the times. The reader will not fail to notice the coincidence between the forebodings of General Hull in the above letter and the plea which he afterward set up in justification of his disgraceful surrender of Detroit and the whole army—that their provisions were nearly exhausted, and that a supply could not be obtained

in time to save it from perishing! The expostulations of his field officers—his proper advisers—were unheeded. The General kept his own counsels. He knew what he was about. And now, to save appearances, he seemingly bestirs himself, and "authorizes" his Commissary to "furnish a supply for two months;" and appeals to the sympathies of Governor Meigs to save his patriotic army from starvation, by keeping the communication open through the wilderness! Governor Meigs needed no appeal to his sympathies, and General Hull knew it.

With the dispatch from General Hull, Governor Meigs received a communication from Colonel Piatt, at Urbana, stating that a brigade of pack-horses, loaded with flour, together with a drove of beef cattle, would be ready to leave that place for the army, so soon as the Governor would furnish a military escort to guard the supplies through the wilderness. On the following morning Governor Meigs called a meeting of the citizens of Chillicothe, and announced the requisition for a company of militia for the above purpose, proposing to the meeting that a company of volunteers be immediately raised, instead of the tedious process of drafting the requisite force. The call was promptly responded to, and in an hour or two ninety-five patriotic citizens—mechanics, merchants, lawyers, and others—formed themselves into a volunteer company, and tendered their services to the Governor. After electing their officers, and adopting a uniform—which was tow-linen hunting-shirts and trowsers—the busy note of preparation for an immediate march followed. Twenty-four hours after its organization, fully armed and equipped, this fine company took up its line of march for Detroit, by way of Urbana—where the supplies were to be placed under its escort—intending, on reaching Detroit, to tender their services to General Hull, and join the North-Western Army.

Before setting out with the company on its march, it may be well to describe their dress, arms, and accouterments. Every one—officers and men—were alike dressed in unbleached, tow-linen hunting-shirt, and trowsers of the same material, with low-crown hats, on the left side of which were worn black cockades about two inches in diameter, and on the center of which were displayed small silver eagles about the size of a quarter dollar. Around the waist of each was a stout leather girdle; in a leather pocket attached to which was slung behind a good-sized tomahawk, and in a leather sheath, also attached to the girdle, hung a medium-sized butcher-knife. On the right hip, attached to a broad leather strap, thrown over the left shoulder, hung the cartridge-box, filled with ball-cartridges. On the left side, in a leather sheath, suspended to another broad leather strap, thrown over the right shoulder, hung the bayonet. On the same side hung also a tin canteen, holding about a quart, suspended to a small leather strap over the right shoulder. The fire-arms was a United States musket,

* The late John H. Piatt, of Cincinnati, who, we believe, was Commissary-General of the North-Western Army.

with bayonet, and a leather strap by which to sling the musket over the shoulder, for more convenient carrying when on a march. The knapsack was a heavy, strong linen sack, painted and varnished, about sixteen inches wide, and of the same depth, with a flap on the under side, thrown over the mouth, and tied by strings. To the upper and lower corner on each side was a strap through which to pass the arms. The knapsack was the repository of the changes of clothing, and such articles of necessity or convenience as each might choose to take along. On the top was lashed the blanket, and over this a piece of oil-cloth to protect all from the rain. The knapsack was slung on the back, and the straps through which the arms passed were tied by another strap across the breast. The arms and accouterments, including the knapsack, weighed about thirty or thirty-five pounds.

Thus armed and equipped, this patriotic company took up its line of march on the morning of July 21, 1812, under the command of Captain Henry Brush, a distinguished lawyer of Chillicothe, who still survives, residing upon his farm in Madison county, O. A large number of the citizens of Chillicothe, in procession, escorted the company beyond the limits of the town, where a brief farewell address was made by a citizen, and responded to by Captain Brush on behalf of the company. A full narrative of the campaign is given by Mr. W.—who was a member of the company—in a series of letters to his wife, written from almost every night's encampment. Some of these letters we should like to give entire, as they were written under the vivid impressions of the moment, and contain a freshness and a lifelike picture of passing incidents, which we can not impart to the condensed sketch to which we must limit ourselves.

The first day's march was twenty-one miles, to General Timmons's, where they encamped in a grove, lying on the ground in the open air, without tents. The march the next day was over thirty miles, through the "barrens," or open plains, where the men were exposed nearly all day to the fierce rays of a midsummer's sun, in very sultry weather. A march of nineteen miles the third day brought them to Urbana, in the afternoon, where they encamped on the commons. The indoor occupations of nearly all the company wholly unfitted them for long marches on foot and exposure to the sun, carrying each a weight of thirty pounds, and trammelled by the straps and fastenings of his armor. Marching thus all day, and sleeping at night on the cold ground, without tents, was very severe. Mr. W., writing to his wife from Urbana, on the 24th, says, "My limbs were so stiff and sore at the end of each day's march that I could hardly walk."

After a detention of two days at Urbana, the company resumed its march on the 25th, having in charge a brigade of seventy pack-horses, each laden with two hundred pounds of flour, in a bag, lashed

on a pack-saddle, and a drove of about three hundred beef cattle. The order of march was thus: a scouting-party of three or four men went in advance, a half a mile or more; the company usually in single file; next followed the brigade of pack-horses; and after them the drove of cattle. On each side, at the distance of some two hundred yards, marched a flank guard of eight or ten men of the company on horseback; and about twenty soldiers of the Fourth United States Infantry, who had been in the battle of Tippecanoe, under the command of Sergeant Story, formed the rear guard. In the evening they encamped on the Indian boundary line, the frontier of the settlements, where they remained over the Sabbath, 26th.

On Monday, 27th, they entered the Indian territory; and from thence their march was through an uninhabited wilderness, in which there was no road except the trace cut by General Hull's army, which was but the width of a wagon-track, and much cut up by his baggage-wagons and cavalry horses. In a letter to his wife, dated at Fort M'Arthur, on the Scioto river—near the present town of Kenton—July 29, 1812, Mr. W. thus describes the usual routine of a day and night on the march:

"While we are waiting a few minutes to store part of our baggage and provision in this fort, to lighten our baggage-wagons for a more rapid march, I seize a moment to tell you that I am very well, in good spirits, and much improved in strength and general health. The fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life are just what I needed. You would hardly believe it possible for me to endure what I daily undergo, in common with my fellow-soldiers. Our food is coarse, and cooked in the roughest manner. For whole days together we have had to use the water from stagnant ponds, or from the wagon-ruts and horse-tracks in the road. We sleep upon the cold, damp ground, without tents. One-third of the company are on guard every night; so that each one of us, after a hard day's march, has, every third night, to mount guard, and stand sentry four hours—or half the night—and during the remaining four hours turn out hourly to receive the 'grand round,' and 'relief' to the guard. The whole company not on guard 'sleep on their arms,' with all their accouterments on, ready for an attack from the hostile Indian tribes occupying the country.

"You would smile at our mode of cooking, could you see us thus employed. Our company is divided into 'messes' of six men each. Our rations are delivered together to each mess when we encamp at night. This consists of flour, fat bacon, and salt. The flour is kneaded in a broad, iron camp-kettle, and drawn out in long rolls the size of a man's wrist, and coiled around a smooth pole some three inches in diameter and five or six feet long, on which the dough is flattened so as to be half an inch or more in thickness. The pole, thus covered with dough, except a few inches at each end, is placed on two wooden forks driven into the

ground in front of the camp-fire, and turned frequently, till it is baked, when it is cut off in pieces, and the pole covered again in the same manner and baked. Our meat is cooked thus: a branch of a tree having several twigs on it is cut, and the ends of the twigs sharpened; the fat bacon is cut in slices, and stuck on these twigs, leaving a little space between each, and then held in the blaze and smoke till cooked. Each man then takes a piece of the pole-bread, and lays thereon a slice of bacon, and with his knife cuts therefrom, and eats his meal with a good appetite. Enough is thus cooked each night to serve for the next day; each man stowing in his knapsack his own day's provision."

A few miles north of Fort Findley, on Blanchard river—now the flourishing town of Findley—the expedition entered the Black Swamp, through which the road passed for many miles, and much of which was almost impassable. On the 2d of August they reached the Maumee river. The remainder of the narrative is reserved for our next.

MY CHILDHOOD'S VILLAGE HOME.

—
BY REV. S. STEELE.
—

WHATEVER of the beautiful or sublime in nature may chance to meet the eye of the traveler in his wanderings through life, nothing possesses a charm of such indescribable attraction as the scenes and scenery of childhood. To obliterate them from the mind is to obliterate the mind itself. Such are our mental structures, that, from age or other causes, they may become so impaired as entirely to lose their hold upon the stirring incidents of manhood's prime, while they grasp, with undying firmness, as their richest legacy, the earliest recollections of childhood. The infant prayer, the child's hymn, that was first lisped in broken accents, holds unyielding dominion in the soul, and lives to chant the requiem of departed genius. That the associations of childhood may be worthy of their enduring character should constitute the study of paternal anxiety.

Such were the vivid impressions revived in my mind as I recently stood amid the enchanted scenes of my childhood's home.

Fourteen years had passed since, in obedience to the claims of the "great commission," the feet of the youthful itinerant had trod the avenues of his native village. His ever-changing habitation during this period had been in the "far west." Her lakes and her rivers, her prairies and her forests, with all of their variegated beauty, were indelibly engraven upon the very tablets of the soul; yet, amid all of this loveliness, how vehemently the soul of the long-absent one aspires for the sight of his own dear native hills and valleys—the home of his childhood!

Such a privilege, long and earnestly desired, was now enjoyed; and it was a period such as forms an epoch in the history of one's life. The past, as if

by magic influence, came rushing back upon the mind, like a mighty avalanche from the Alpine heights, and for a moment the mind seemed almost to partake of the attribute of omnipresence. Friends there seemed to smile in living reality, whose molding forms sleep in the cold, dark grave. The voice of prayer was there, uttered from lips sealed in death; the religious meeting, with its sacred associations; the mirthful festival of a sister's bridal day; death and burial, with their mournful display of drapery—all, all were there, in living characters, passing before the mind's unclouded vision.

New Britain—for such was the imposing title of my village home—was one of New England's rural retreats, modestly blushing amid its own native hills, as if half conscious of its inability to fill the measure of greatness that its title would seem to indicate. A few miles to the eastward the majestic Connecticut rolled its limpid waters to its own inland sea, sending back upon atmospheric wings its salt breezes, as if to remunerate the loss of its own pure, sweet waters.

A quarter of a century since, and New Britain was unknown to fame, and deemed unworthy of notice upon Olney's Map of New England history. But providence seems to have determined in her favor. Teeming multitudes now crowd her broad alleys, while her hills and valleys echo with sounds of manufacture, trade, and commerce. In the rapidity of her growth and the development of her business capacity, she now claims unrivaled importance among all the sisterhood of her state domain. Her claim is not arrogantly usurped, but was recently publicly acknowledged by her state authorities, in unmeasured terms of eloquence and praise, and, as a token of their respect for her enterprising citizens, the State Normal School department was settled in their midst.

Some of her sons at this moment stand upon the proudest eminence of true greatness ever attained by human effort. It was from an observatory in this then obscure village that the justly celebrated astronomer, Elijah H. Burritt, traced, with a master-hand, the constellations of heaven, and sketched them with alphabetical plainness for every school-boy's benefit. Unfortunately for science, the great astronomer died a martyr to his ambition ere he had reached the zenith of greatness. It was here that his more celebrated brother, Elihu Burritt, burst forth upon the world, like a blazing comet, to illumine the literary heavens. Alone and single-handed he explored the dark labyrinth of abstruse science, till light from its opening portals burst forth in dazzling glory to encircle his immortal brow. As a linguist, the "learned blacksmith" is said to have no superior, if, indeed, an equal, in either hemisphere. Connect with this the independent manner in which his attainments have been acquired, and he stands alone in unrivaled glory.

It was a proud day in the history of New Britain when this son of science returned from his European tour, to tread again the wonted lanes of his native

village. The literati of the state, with its executive officers, and other distinguished guests from abroad to the number of thousands, had assembled to welcome their honored fellow-citizen to the scenes of his early toil. The spacious "Mechanics' Hall" was decorated for the occasion in a style that challenges all attempt at description. Tables were groaning beneath their accumulated weight of delicious fruit from earth's choicest gardens, tastefully spread by ladies' fair hands, who once would have recoiled at the thoughts of the dingy smith, and instinctively fled at his presence.

The welcome salutation was tendered their distinguished guest by Professor Andrews, of their State Normal School; and most eloquently did he execute his task. He referred beautifully to the glory of his achievements in literature and science, and reminded him that the eyes of a wondering world were fixed upon him as the brightest star in the galaxy of the literary heavens. He also spoke of the moral and religious elements of his character, and congratulated the Church and the world that a sacrifice of such value was bound a willing offering upon its altars. Having tendered to him the hospitalities of the occasion, in the name of the state of Connecticut, as represented by its executive officers, and also in the name of the citizens of New Britain, of which they were proud to acknowledge him an illustrious son and citizen, the Professor closed his address amidst prolonged shouts of welcome from the enthusiastic throng.

The scene as now described was one of surpassing beauty. The deafening shouts of welcome had died away to profound stillness, and all eyes were fixed upon the honored guest. He sat with his face buried in his hands, evidently the subject of strong emotions. To arise seemed to tax his utmost energies; but soon his tall figure was seen standing erect upon the platform, and, with a subdued expression of countenance, he said:

"Fellow-citizens, what am I, and what is my father's house, that I should be the recipient of this pageant festival? What have I done, that upon me more than upon others should be conferred such distinguished honors?" He then briefly referred to his past history, and spoke of the time when, as an obscure youth, uncared for, he dwelt in their midst. Up to the time of his departure from them, he said, he was unknown to the higher circles of society. Solitary, and on foot, he left his native village, with all he had in the world bundled together, and tied with a cotton pocket-handkerchief. A few years of studious toil had passed, and the obscure youth again returns to visit the scenes of his childhood, and behold a thousand voices shout his welcome!

Such, reader, was the brilliant reception of the "learned blacksmith" upon his return to his native village, imperfectly delineated—a merited tribute of respect for true greatness.

In a letter not long since received from him was inclosed the following extract: "Truly an over-

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ruling Providence has done much for us, for which we should be humble and grateful. I hope that you will never forget our *native village*, but feel yourself a son and a citizen wherever your lot may be cast."

No, reader, that can never be while memory retains her dominion in the soul. To forget my "native village" would be to forget the place that gave me birth—to forget the graves of my dearest friends—nay, more, to forget the altar at which I bowed a humble suppliant for mercy and arose a pardoned sinner. Her associations are always pleasant, though some were mournfully so on this occasion. Death had been busy during my absence, and many of my youthful associates were sleeping in the dreamless slumbers of the tomb; others were dispersed abroad in different parts of the wide world; while few comparatively remained to extend the friendly hand of recognition. It is under such circumstances that the mind turns away from the fading visions of earth's frail beauties, to contemplate the brighter glories of a nightless home in *heaven*. That nightless home who will not seek? Surely no earthly rest can exceed the rest of the New Jerusalem.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

—
"The fire that in my bosom burns
Is lone as some volcanic isle."
—

In the morning train from Petersburg, Va., there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore golden bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features, which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times, when she attempted to arise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the car, all was confusion; passengers looked to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely, and yet most unhappy features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! what beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been

stamped upon it! Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale—

"She was changed
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own luster, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she has become
The queen of a fantastic realm."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unvalued. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and imitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awakening—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued,

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That ever in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven glide,
O, receive my soul at last!"

Another attempt to rise was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive, "Save me, my brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping.

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs:

"O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

and continued her melancholy chant till we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the James river; the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing upon the promenade-deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when, at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away from the steamer with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at —. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and sadness.

THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

BY REV. WM. H. SUTHERLAND.

THE plaintive flute I love full well,
And clarinet's shrill sound;
The viol's thrill, the bugle's swell,
My willing heart, with magic spell,
Have often captive bound.

My soul has thrilled with ecstasy,
When, waked by skillful hand,
The rich piano melody
Stole o'er the sense, like minstrelsy
Of heaven's tuneful band.

The organ's solemn peals I've heard,
Rolling through ancient fane;
And though they uttered not a word,
My spirit's deepest depths they stirred,
And fanned devotion's flame.

That wondrous lyre, the human voice,
By God attuned and given,
The mind may teach, the heart rejoice
With high delight that never cloy,
Akin to that of heav'n.

But the sweetest music I ever have heard
Is the cheery lay of the innocent bird,
As he sings in meadow, in bower, in trees,
Breathing melody into each passing breeze.

He seemingly sings of the winter that's o'er;
The beauties around him, a rich varied store;
The kindness of Heaven, that stoops to his cry,
And provides for his wants abundant supply.

And he pours forth his notes on the balmy air,
So grateful, so sprightly, so free from all care,
So guileless, so gentle, so void of all art,
That the ravishing strains o'erpower my heart.

His inspiring song is so full of pure love,
Of confidence in the kind Being above,
That he seems an exemplar sent from the sky,
To teach us, and sing of the raptures on high.

Sweet warbler! may we thy wise lesson receive,
And our faithless spirits from sadness relieve,
TRUST IN GOD, and joy in his love to us shown,
And gladden with singing our flight to his throne!

THE CAMP MEETING.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY REV. GUSTAVUS HINES.

It was in the midsummer month of July, 1832, that a large number of the friends of the Redeemer assembled in a beautiful grove of elm, and beech, and maple trees, which formed a delightful forest sanctuary, in one of the most romantic portions of south-western New York. This region, celebrated, at the time of which I write, for the wildness and variety of its scenery and the honesty and simplicity of its inhabitants, has also the honor of giving rise to numerous streamlets, which, gliding in different directions, contribute to swell the mighty tides flowing into those two magnificent reservoirs, whose capacious bosoms receive almost all the water by which the North American continent is irrigated, and known as the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and Mexico.

For many days previous to the time fixed upon for this feast of tabernacles in the wilderness to commence, the notes of preparation might have been heard at many of the numerous log hamlets and rural cottages scattered among the broken spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the valleys of the Cataraugus and the Isua. While the farmer, the mechanic, and the tradesman were adjusting their worldly affairs so as to leave them a week or more, prayer ardent, from many a warm and panting heart, was wafted upward to the sky, that almighty Love would deign to favor the anticipated meeting with his gracious smile.

The time drew near, and the farmer laid aside his utensils, the woodsman his ax, the tailor his shears, the shoemaker his awls, the joiner his planes, and the merchant his goods, and all, with one accord, in the most expressive action, said, as Abraham said to his servants, "Abide ye here, and I will go yonder, and worship."

One score of years only has passed away since that period, but they have been years of unprecedented change. The iron-horse, with his eyes of fire and breath of smoke, did not then, as now, move along the snaky track among the hills of the south, bearing hundreds of passengers, with the velocity of a falling meteor, to their destination; and none of the facilities for rapid and easy traveling, which now extend to almost every portion of our country, existed in any part of that, at the time to which I refer, comparatively isolated region. Consequently, the self-denying worshipers had to resort to all the methods of land traveling then known to get to the place of convocation. Some were blessed with horses; numbers went for many miles on foot; and there were not a few, and among them the writer of this sketch, that went the distance of twenty miles in a heavy lumber-wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, as was the cart bearing the ark of God to the house of Obededom.

The long-wished-for day at last arrived. It was Wednesday, the 2d of July. About thirty tents had been pitched upon the ground during the afternoon of that day, and as the gray twilight gave place to the denser darkness which followed, and the stand-fires cast abroad a blaze of light over the encampment, the trumpet sounded for preaching, and all upon the ground assembled before the preacher's stand, to hear the word of the Lord. On the stand there were as many of the heralds of the cross as there were apostles on the day of Pentecost, and among them our much-beloved and devoted brother, Rev. Asa Abell, who, as the presiding elder, had the general oversight of the meeting. As it is necessary to the perfection of my narrative to take liberties with the name which has already been introduced, I trust the venerable brother will not attribute it to any disposition to deal in flattery, but to a strong desire to pay a well-deserved tribute to one of the fathers of the Genesee conference. At the time of which I write brother Abell was in the palmiest days of his manly manhood, and being strong, and full of energetic activity, and possessing a large share of the power and pathos resulting from the consecration of no ordinary abilities, and the inward baptism of pure fire, he was, indeed, the able leader of the sacramental host against the combined powers of darkness on that memorable encampment. By his side, and ready for action in any part of the field, was a confiding band of standard-bearers, among whom the names of Whalen, Preston, Abbott, and Konklin, of most precious memory, may be considered as the more prominent. The scarred veteran, who had fought manfully in the ranks for fifty years, and had triumphed in a thousand battles, was also there; and beside him was the youthful warrior, who had just buckled on the spiritual armor; and all were ready, even at the commencement of the campaign, to do battle mightily for the Lord God of hosts. The first sermon was founded upon the appropriate text, "Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among the people." Without attempting to characterize the sermon, when the services of that evening closed, every Christian heart was looking up with expectation, that before one week had passed wonders of redeeming grace would be performed on that hallowed ground.

It was clearly manifest during the successive exercises of the meeting, that the ministers present were uninfluenced, save by the grand consideration, that the Gospel—a dispensation of which they felt had been committed to them—was the heaven-ordained instrumentality to bring sinners to God; and hence there was no daubing with untempered mortar, no mincing the truth of God's word, no effort to preach a splendid sermon, no attempts to lower the standard of Gospel truth to accommodate the whims and prejudices of the fastidious, no preaching for preeminence; but sin was fearlessly assailed in all its varied forms, and exposed in all

its horrible deformity and its direful results. The heaven-pointed arrows of eternal truth were aimed directly at the sinner's heart; while he was assured that, though the chief of sinners, the soft hand of redeeming love could extract the arrow's point, and the healing blood of the Son of God could cure the bleeding wound. Already the shout of the young convert mingled in delightful harmony with the penitent cry of the awakened sinner, and the tide of salvation was rapidly rising.

The Sabbath day had passed, and the soul-subduing scenes of Calvary had brought more than a score of redeemed immortals during the day to the foot of the cross. The dusky shadows of evening had wrapped the forest in gloom; the light fires sent their feeble rays upward to illuminate the canopy formed by the branches and thick foliage of the trees, in which the robin, the turtle, and the cuckoo were wont to carol their sweet notes of artless praise; and here and there could be heard the shouts of deliverance, the gladsome notes of the songs of triumph, and the melting moans of the wounded spirit, as they arose, in moving symphony, upon the evening air. The loud tones of the trumpet blast, calling devout worshipers again to listen to the messengers of the cross, had just died away in the distant forest, when the most hideous cries, resembling the fierce howlings of beasts of prey, and mingling with the most horrid blasphemies, broke forth upon all sides of the encampment, as if all the fallen spirits of the universe had been let loose at once. The enemy, whose scouts had, from time to time, appeared as if to reconnoiter, had now rallied under the visible leadership of one whose name need not be mentioned, but whose diabolical spirit and conduct at this time entitled him to the cognomen of Beelzebub incarnate. He had induced a number of his vile associates to accompany him to a public house, where, after celebrating their bacchanalian orgies till they became excited beyond all self-control or shame, they proceeded so far in their heaven-daring blasphemies as formally to baptize a cat with brandy, and, with the same material, to administer the sacrament to a dog. Having thus prepared themselves for the accomplishment of their hellish purposes, they proceeded *en masse* toward the encampment, declaring, with horrid oaths and curses, that the meeting should be broken up before the morning light. The timid were alarmed, and for awhile it appeared that a night of difficulty and of distress lay before the inoffensive votaries of the cross. But how easy it is for God to frustrate the designs of the wicked! and how vain it is for puny man to contend with Omnipotence! It was evident, even before this troop of furious harpies reached the borders of the encampment, that the Almighty had "put his hook into their jaws," and had said to them, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Some of them came within the circle of the tents, where God took them in hand; and the rest of them howled around in the adjacent forest. After

a few moments the frustration occasioned by the sudden onset of these sons of Belial passed away, and the meeting assumed its regular course. That was a memorable night. There stood the legate of the skies, the representative of the Son of God. His tongue seemed to be touched with inspiration's fire, and his voice, like the shrill sound of a war-trumpet, reverberated through the surrounding wood, and was echoed back by the distant hill. Now the vivid flashes of the fierce lightnings of Jehovah's ire, accompanied by the muttering thunders of almighty wrath, which ever and anon would break in peals of awful terror over the encampment, causing the wicked to turn pale with fear, as if the doom of death was written upon their foreheads, and hell's gloomy pit was about to swallow them up forever; and now, as if by enchantment, the scene would change from the summit of that mountain around whose frowning brow thick clouds of darkness hung, and whose adamant base shook with terror under the tread of the Almighty, to the Mount of Hope, the heaven-illuminated Calvary, where benignant mercy poured out a libation of blood divine in honor of inexorable justice; and while the awful prodigies of the darkened heavens, the trembling earth, the opening graves, and the rending of the Temple's veil, with the last loud cry, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani,*" were so vividly portrayed as to appear to be re-transpiring before their astonished vision, multitudes that came to the place breathing out threatening and slaughter were at once overwhelmed with consternation, and bowed before the majestic power of the Gospel, like the sapling before the fierce whirlwind. Now the solemnity of eternity pervaded the entire encampment; for it was as evident to both saint and sinner as it was to the Hebrews of old, when, retiring from the base of the quaking mount, they stood afar off, and gazed upon its glory-crowned summit, that God was there. Weeping and wailing, in agony for sin, were heard in various parts of the congregated hosts, and "rush to the altar, rush to the altar," was the cry of the heralds of the cross. The altar was thronged with mourning penitents; and while saints were agonizing in prayer, waiting angels found employment every hour of the night in bearing the intelligence to the portals of heaven, "The dead is alive, the lost is found." When the rising sun shed his first rays on the encampment the following morning, more than thirty souls, who, the previous day, were the bond-slaves of sin and hell, were sitting at the feet of Jesus, and the tide of salvation was rolling on.

It was Monday morning, the time when camp meetings usually close. But a consultation was held on the subject of protracting the meeting a few days longer. Invisible powers presided over this conference; for a heavenly influence, like some mighty spell, seemed to bind the people to the place, and they resolved to continue the meeting till the next Wednesday. A few hours only had passed when the correctness of this decision was

divinely sanctioned in such a manner as entirely to baffle all ordinary powers of description fully to portray. The morning hours had passed, and many souls had been ushered into the kingdom of grace before the sun had reached his meridian, and still there were many seeking for pardon, while others were groaning for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. Again the trumpet sounded from the stand, and again the congregation, but little diminished from what it had been the previous week, was assembled before the Lord. The president of the meeting, brother Abell, was the preacher for the occasion, and the announcement of the text called forth the hearty *amen* from many lips. The words of St. John—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful, and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"—formed the basis of that discourse. The sermon was the pure, unadulterated Gospel of the blessed God, and was borne with irresistible power to the hearts and consciences of all present. Justification and sanctification through faith in the blood of the cross were the mighty themes of that discourse, the effects of which, I have no doubt, will be as lasting as eternity itself. Sometimes the preacher would seem to stand upon the blazing summit of Sinai, and mingle his voice with the seven-fold thunder that shook the mountain to its foundation; and then would throw himself into the midst of the scenes of Calvary, and standing, as it were, upon its crimsoned brow, would lead the trembling sinner as from the verge of despair, and lay him down as a trophy at the foot of the cross. The *Gospel*, the *GOSPEL*, had solved the mystery, concerning which ancient philosophers had never dreamed, and heathen oracles were dumb, how "God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." The fountain had been opened in the house of David, and the crimsoned current run deep and wide. Sin can be pardoned—sin can be washed away; the foulest stain can be obliterated. The peace-speaking and purifying blood of the Redeemer can save the chief of sinners. Walking from one end of the stand to the other, while the coruscations of heavenly light seemed flashing all around, the preacher lifted up the voice of invitation, of warning, and of exhortation, in such strains of moving, melting pathos, that every heart was subdued, every face was flowing down with tears, and the emotions of every soul were wrought up to a state of irrepressible intensity; and when the preacher sat down, the smothered feelings could no longer be suppressed, and a universal cry went up to heaven.

After a few moments the shout so far subsided that one of the preachers commenced the closing services by reading the hymn commencing,

"My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am."

During the singing of the hymn and the prayer that followed, the flame of devotion was raised

apparently to its utmost height this side of heaven, and the cloud of the divine glory rested over the encampment. Every mouth was opened in prayer or praise, and every eye was looking upward, as if all were expecting some revelation of power from on high, if not in cloven tongues, like as of fire, yet in a manner equally as convincing. Suddenly it came, and the influence was like a shock of electricity, as it passed through the congregation. Fifty persons fell prostrate before it, like men slain in battle. Nine preachers lay prostrate—six in the stand and three in the altar—and for three hours a shout, like the sound of many waters, went up to heaven. It was now no longer necessary to institute a watch for our safety; God had taken charge of the meeting. Many of the most violent opposers were converted, and the incorrigible fled with terror from the encampment. Nearly every wicked person that came upon the ground after this wonderful display of divine power were converted before they left; and when the last wagon-load left, late on Wednesday, the hallowed circle of the tents, there were several young persons still lifting their cries to heaven, resolved never to leave the spot till their peace was made with God. What the precise results of this meeting were it is impossible to tell; but there is no doubt in the mind of the writer of this sketch that eternity will disclose the fact, that hundreds were saved through its instrumentality. Halleluiah! halleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

LOSS OF A WIFE.

IN comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife: she who fills so large a space in your domestic heaven, she who is busied, so unwearied, in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests, in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose every beat measures an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful. In the room once occupied by her in the daily routine of duties once devolving on her, her feet are no longer heard, and her form is forever silent in the grave.

MY AUNT PATIENCE.

A MODEL OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY W. T. COOPER-SHALL.

Mr Aunt Patience was a tender-hearted woman, who suffered from exquisitely delicate nerves, and who rejoiced with self-complacent satisfaction in a peculiar system of strict domestic economy. She was an excitable woman, but, *her* story for it, never in a passion; yet had any body doubted her economy—the excellence of her management—she would probably have scolded with a vigor which few calm women could equal.

Aunt Patience was a widow, with a wayward child, which sadly violated its calculating mother's strict rules for domestic comfort. Aunt Patience was too tender-hearted to cross her daughter seriously; yet she always considered her parental authority amply sufficient, no matter if the neighbors did say that little Patience was a spoiled child, because she had her own way. Now, such gossip sounded strangely to Aunt Patience when it chanced to come to her ears. To be sure she could not bear to scold the child, except when excited; but she could always control her by "strategy"—that kind of plain, very plain strategy, by which one man gets another to work hard for him when he rewards the workman well.

Aunt Patience lived in a quiet New England village. Her husband had left her property enough, with systematic economy, to have afforded her a liberal support. With her system of "strict economy" Aunt Patience never had a liberal support.

All this I learned of Aunt Patience, when I happened to be a visitor at her house for a few days. Every day I sympathized deeply with her as a martyr to economy. The history of one day will illustrate her system of management.

A lecturer on phrenology had come to the village. Little Patience heard all about the wonderful things he could tell from the "bumps" on people's heads among her schoolmates, and she ran home gleefully, quite determined that he shouldn't put his fingers on her "bumps," but that she would go to the lecture and hear what he said of other folks.

Aunt Patience had company in her modest parlor, but that made no difference to little Patience. In she burst, saucily exclaiming,

"O ma, there's such a funny man going to lecture at the school-house! It's only a shilling, and I'm going!"

"La! child, now you know you haven't got any dress that's fit to go with, and, besides, we couldn't afford it. You have got no father to earn shillings for you." And Aunt Patience wiped her eyes as if sorrowful recollections had called tears into them.

But her emotion in no wise affected little Patience, who flung back her head disdainfully, and in a defiant tone said,

"Well, then, if I can't go to the lecture, I'll have just as much pound-cake as I can eat."

Aunt Patience made no objection. It had been useless. In a twinkling little Patience was gone, and then Aunt Patience said to her visitor,

"The child loves cake so well I can not deny her, especially when she is so good to mind."

I looked at Aunt Patience when she said this—her eyes were dry, but she appeared to be in earnest.

In a few moments I saw little Patience in the front yard devouring, with unfeigned satisfaction, a large piece of very rich cake. I was obliged to inquire—of course to myself; I could not think of asking Aunt Patience—in a mercantile way, what might have been the first cost of that luxury by which little Patience had been bought into obedience for the saving of a shilling.

The company which Aunt Patience had in her parlor, was a lady who was endeavoring to organize a select school in the village, and she had come to solicit the patronage of Aunt Patience. Poor woman, she could not afford it, and the lady took her leave, calculating, perhaps, as I did, how much pound-cake it would have required—provided little Patience could have been denied—to pay one child's tuition.

But the end is not yet. While little Patience was eating her cake in the front yard, half a dozen of her playmates came to visit her. They were all going to the lecture, and they all talked about how "funny" it would be, and all regretted that Patience could not go. Her curiosity was again excited; and when one of the little girls said,

"What a pity you can't go, Patience!" she answered,

"But I will go!"

"But your mother gave you cake to stay at home," said her companion.

"I don't care; I will go any how," was her response in a very spiteful humor; and abruptly leaving her playmates, away she sped to tell her mother that she must have a shilling to go to the lecture, because it would be "so funny."

Aunt Patience was proud of her government. She had boasted of it before me, and could not think of giving up her point.

As soon as little Patience came within bow-shot of her mother she cried,

"Ma, ma, all the girls are going to that lecture, and I shan't stay at home if I did have cake!"

"Now, my child, you'll not be naughty," said Aunt Patience mildly.

"But I'll go to the lecture, for cousin William will give me a shilling."

Aunt Patience was proud, and would, by no means, suffer her child to beg; and when her daughter reported what I had indeed promised to do, she was more than ever determined that little Patience should not go to the lecture. She called the child from the parlor, and when next I saw her she was

enjoying herself over a dish of preserves. Looking up archly she said,

"I ain't going to that lecture, for I've got such a lot of good preserves; but I wish you'd give me that shilling any how. I shan't tell ma."

When I was alone with Aunt Patience she discoursed quite learnedly on the necessity of governing children and teaching them economy, especially when they couldn't expect much in the world, and she added:

"Now, some folks would have set up their parental authority and made little Patience sick a crying and taking on; but I managed her more easy. She doesn't care a fig about that lecture."

I did not dispute this self-satisfying conclusion, but waited for the *denouement*.

Late at night I was reading in my room. There was a knock at the door, and, at my bidding, in came Aunt Patience. She was very pale. I knew that she had been frightened, and eagerly inquired what was the matter. She answered,

"Indeed, little Patience is very sick. I can't imagine what ails her. O, she has vomited so much, and has such a fever! She often has such spells, but this is a little worse than common. Won't you go for a doctor?"

I said nothing, but thought of the shilling saved, the pound-cake, the preserves, and easy government, and went promptly for the village physician.

He came promptly, and Aunt Patience had a serious task in getting her sick child to take "nasty medicines." She was obliged to "set up her authority" and have "the child take on" often without avail.

The doctor knew that Aunt Patience was prompt pay, and little Patience was sick several days. His bill was five dollars, which Aunt Patience paid, thankful for her daughter's speedy recovery, and none the less reluctant to give her cake and preserves to keep her from "taking on."

All this for a shilling, or for one moment's decision. Rather too much. My Aunt Patience's system of economy was of that class described by the homely adage, "saving at the spile and losing at the bung." There is not a little of it in this world, and it is not unfrequently connected with downright meanness.

THE GIFTS OF GENIUS.

WITH what a scornful disregard of wealth and the position of the moment almighty God scatters the priceless gifts of Genius among his children! The great poet, the illustrious statesman, the eloquent orator, is as likely to go forth from the brown-faced laborer's cottage over the way, as from the sumptuous palaces of the capital. The future ruler of an empire may be unconsciously digging in yonder field; and this very school may be, under God, the appointed means of revealing his unsuspected destiny to him and to the world.—*Professor Felton*.

GENIUS—ITS SPIRIT AND ITS MISSION.

BY J. D. BELL.

SOMETIMES there is a practical mind, or might, born with a man, and the world sees and suffers its simple, truthful heroic originality, and with a superstitious surprise and wonderment calls it *genius*.

Its possessor is spoken of, while living, as a man of quick pulse, creative thought, energetic action, and indomitable will. And when he is dead there is written, not merely on paper and marble, but on the great world, in deep and indelible scratches, the eternal memorial,

"Dead oak, thou livest! Thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak with strange tongues in many lands."

The spirit of this beautifully original nature is a self-nourished and constant longing for more comprehensive and grander forms of being. It is a deep and restless hankering after expression—after the expression of self and thought by words and deeds. Hence, it is creative, because it must create new and peculiar channels through which to personate its own ideal. Its mission is to find out the dwelling-places of great and good things, and to robe every thing in a halo of rich and glorious light. It makes mute things vocal; dead things living; old things new. Were it not for genius, Nature would be too dull and monotonous. The tree would get to be a vegetable stature, did we not see in it houses, and cities, and coffins, and ships. We respect the drop of water, because Genius has taught us that steam and lightning live in it; and by the same light we see the oak in the acorn, the pyramid in the rock, the tempest in the breeze, and read in the fossilized fern and fucoid, the epitaphs of the old ages of the anti-Adamic earth. Indeed, may we not say that every thing we love has been once consecrated by the baptism and benediction of some gifted presence? We love the painted landscape better than the original, because it is hallowed by the earnest touches of the soul; and we cling with a sort of noble superstition even to the posthumous tattlers of the great dead, because we fancy some precious remnants of their genius in these still linger. Genius is the sun, whose shining makes the mute memories of Art and Nature sing. In every old scene, and toil, and sorrow, there is always something young, and beautiful, and new bursting and blossoming out of some associated spiritual presence. That old path, in which we were treading yesterday, is new to-day, because to-day we are shedding around it some new, and, perhaps, nobler existence. Genius changes and transforms every thing for the better. Even Misfortune grows beautiful in the spell of its witchlight. We love Homer and Milton all the better for their being blind, and Socrates all the more for his being poor. And in this delightful ennobling of things lies the chief power of creative mind. Genius is more an improver than an inventor. The

great men of history are great, principally in their capacity to communicate and concentrate an ever-noble, spiritual, jubilant self, or soul, upon some common object of nature, or some old, forsaken fashion or feeling of mankind. The telescope, the art of printing, and the steam-engine are but the separate combinations of such simple things as glass, water, and scratches, with the living soul of man. Great men are always building little universes—*kosmoi*—around them through which to express themselves, as God, through his great universe, expresses himself.

The Reformation was but the daguerreotype, so to speak, of Luther's great mind; and may we not say that the "Paradise Lost," the "Night Thoughts," and "Pilgrim's Progress" were each of them severally the pictures of Milton's, Young's, and Bunyan's minds? Ferguson lay down on his back and looked up at the earnest stars, as they reflected the brightness of the Eternal, and then mimicked the great God-mirror, by whittling out an orrery through which, in like manner, to express himself and his own thought. Thus philosophy was a common thing, till Bacon infused his own spirit into it and made it glorious; and true integrity yearned for a grand impersonation and significance, till there was an Aristides, the Just. History was spiritless and chaotic, till Gibbon, Niebuhr, and Macaulay wrote; and poesy was scarcely more than dreamy sentimentalism, till Homer, and Milton, and Shakspeare threw a genius into song. The dark and dismal haunts of poverty were made pleasant by John Howard's "Circumnavigation of Charity." By the spell of his genius the Baron Cuvier made dry bones live and humanized the wild beasts; and since Hervey discovered to us the secret springs of life, the old beat of the heart has had a sound of mysterious grandeur. Said Themistocles, when asked to play on the lute, "I can not fiddle, but I can turn a little village into a great city." Cæsar boasted not on his death-bed, that he had preserved the same old features of the city of Rome; but his last words were, "I found a city of brick, I left it marble." And thus the wand of true genius hallows and sublimates every thing it touches. It puts the angel into man, and the man into the insect. It is the "thought on a chip" that explores and conquers oceans.

It digs in the dirt, and forever afterward fossils and torsos are venerable. It stands on the orbit of the heavens, and, like some Adam, christens the signs of the Zodiac, and an empyrean dignity at once gathers around such paltry things as steel-yards, dippers, fishes, and scorpions. Its office is to show that nature is grand and beautiful in the glow-worm as well as in the sun, in bird's-nests as well as in palaces. It develops the Deity which God left in the dust after making man.

Sacred and sublime gift! May we not degrade it by misconceptions and false names! Too often, in the barrenness of our ceremonious reasoning, have we made it a caricature of human power—a

pyramid of soul, which, as if rapt in the silent visions of its own stubborn, impracticable glory, like the pyramids of Egypt, serves but the poor purpose of proudly showing that it is not human enough. True genius is the truest form of practical life. It is the mediator, so to speak, between the world and mind—between the thing and the thought, whose divinity is intuition, whose type is the sunbeam, and whose gospel is the spectrum. Genius is innocent of stigmatized rank and inglorious greatness. It claims no property in the illustrious degradation of the Alexanders, Byrons, and Voltaires of the world. The reckless and random careers of men are not deviations or genius, but deviations *with* it. Genius would make all men greatly good, and it is only a misdirected will that makes some men greatly bad. And there is an equal inconsistency, too, in charging upon this exalted gift a blunt and unfamiliar egotism, such that common minds are compelled to blush and feel poor in its presence. In doing this we occasion to ourselves a complete loss of those rich impressions which great minds would otherwise make. "Instead of feeling a poverty," says Emerson, "when we encounter a great man, let us treat the new-comer like a traveling geologist who passes through our estate, and shows us good slate, or anthracite, or limestone in our brush pasture." We ought not to feel humbled, and to sigh, "What am I?" when we survey the great works of genius, but rather to regard them as the expressions of minds of the same sort of our own; and if there is any lack in their capability to subserve this purpose, to speak it out with self-confident frankness, just as the rustic did when, after having surveyed some great models of statuary in the rotunda of one of our cities, he exclaimed, "Just see what a waste! Here are no less than six scare-crows in this little ten-foot patch, and any one of them could keep the crows off of a five-acre lot." While a man of genius has hands, and eyes, and feet, all like our own, we should not be scared or belittled in his presence. It is only the *head* that differs—all hearts are warm; and while the blood in a man's veins is red and warm, we have proof enough that the man possesses sociable sensibilities. Says the poet,

"Be noble, then; the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

ALAS, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxieties! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT EVE.

BY MRS. M. B. HARRIS.

STAR of the twilight eve, O, I would stay
 And gaze in yon pure heaven on thy calm light!
 I love thee more than all the beams of day,
 Or all the golden orbs that gem the night.

For always while thus beaming from afar,
 Upon the dewy earth and breezy sea,
 I knew that my dear mother kneeled in prayer,
 And I was blest, for then she prayed for me.

Then I have paused amid the fair and gay—
 'Mid tones of mirth and music thrilling high,
 And turned mine eyes to hail thy bright'ning ray,
 When evening's sunlight faded from the sky.

For always then, whether I was apart
 From the gay throng or with the young and fair,
 A sacred awe came o'er my thrilling heart,
 Which gave an echo to that faithful prayer.

Oft, when a stranger from my home afar,
 Exposed to danger, peril, gloom, and storm,
 I felt secure, for I believed her prayer
 Would shield my trusting spirit from all harm.

And when disease laid low my aching head
 Upon a bed of pain, I felt no fear;
 I knew all would be well, living or dead,
 In answer to that faithful mother's prayer.

But now my mother in the grave is laid;
 Thy pensive beams rest on her dreamless sleep,
 When soft winds sigh beneath the lonely shade,
 And twilight dews around her silent weep.

And I'm a wanderer through a world of care;
 Few social friends to glad my lonely way;
 And when I look on thee, lone evening star,
 I know I have no mother now to pray.

Yet from the sacred joy that thrills my breast,
 As oft I gaze on thee, bright star of even,
 I know, in answer to those prayers, I'm blest,
 Yes, ever blest, since she went home to heaven.

A RIVER THOUGHT.

THE banks of the river were lovely and bright,
 As blossoms and boughs met the summer noon-
 light;
 The moss hid the flower, the tree screened the moss,
 And the willow's thick tresses fell sweeping across.

The cottager's homes, on the sunniest side,
 Had wild hedges of woodbine that trailed in the
 tide;
 And the deep-bosomed river rolled merrily by,
 While its banks with their green beauty gladdened
 the eye.

But Time took his way on those green banks at last,
 And pulled up the flowers and trees as he passed;
 He stretched his cold hand—the white cottage was
 down,

And the springy moss withered beneath his stern
 frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
 Of the willow so loved for its wave-kissing grace;
 But he touched not the river—that still might be
 found

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
 round.

The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow
 While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
 It may gayly expand where love twineth a bower,
 And faithfully picture the branch and the flower.

But Time will soon plow up the forehead so sleek,
 He will whiten the dark hair and shadow the
 cheek;

The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
 But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.

The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair
 As it did when the alder and lily were there;
 The change that has come o'er the place of its
 course,

Has not lessened its ripple or darkened its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
 May outlive some dear images mirrored in youth;
 Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
 find

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearning less
 kind.

O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks
 turn gray,
 But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
 way;

For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is free,
 Glide onward unchanged to Eternity's sea.

REISSUE OF ELIZA COOK'S POEMS.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY E. B. CLARK.

My mother's voice! methinks I hear
 Its gentle tone, as rich and clear
 As when, in early days,
 She held me pillowed on her breast,
 And sweetly lulled my infant rest
 With ev'ning hymns of praise.

My mother's voice! I hear it now;
 Her soothing hand is on my brow
 As when, in heart-felt joy,
 The tear of gratitude she shed,
 And call'd down blessings on the head
 Of her beloved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it yet—
 Its accents I can ne'er forget;
 It ever sounds for me;
 And though my heart were hard as stone,
 'Twould melt beneath her kindly tone—
 Beneath sweet melody.

A STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.

BY HARMONT.

DEAR reader, I shall give you grandmother Chapin's story in my own way; that is, by connecting the incidents which she related from time to time. She is a very aged woman. Ninety winters have dimmed the light of her eyes and bleached her "bonnie brown hair." Many and many an evening she entertains us with her stories of olden times, and nothing affords us greater pleasure. Let us begin.

"My husband," she says, "was ever haunted with a desire to emigrate to the west, and cut out a home in the wilderness, as he could thus better succeed in supporting his family and in the acquirement of a decent competence. He was poor, and had his way to make in the busy, calculating world. He therefore purchased a lot of wild land, the location of which can not be better presented to the mind than by saying, that it was a great way off in a new country, called the garden of America, Western New York. The country, at that time, through its length and breadth was a solitary forest; its silence unbroken, save by the yells of savage tribes and the howlings of beasts of prey.

"Thither, having first erected a log-cabin, he prepared to remove his family. The household furniture, what we needed for personal and domestic comfort, was transferred from the house to the cart one clear, bright morning in autumn. A warm, cozy place, by quite an artistical arrangement of the goods, had been made for me and the children, in which we were duly ensconced. A pair of oxen and horses were necessary to draw the heavy, cumbersome load over the rough highway, and still rougher path through the old primeval forest, which had rejoiced in the dim majesty of many centuries, their giant arms outstretched in the regal pomp of by-gone and uncounted years, and where one might have imagined that the echo of the Indian war-song had scarcely died away.

"It was a long and dreary journey through the wild solitude of woods and hills, guided only by blazed trees; still novelty, curiosity, the longings and even suspense of hope, made it pass gladly; and more than once were we cheered by the sight of the log-cabin of some pioneer who had preceded us to the new country, and who received us with a most cordial welcome. These kind-hearted people were remarkably zealous and alert in doing whatever might contribute to our comfort, freely dispensing the bounties of their rude dwellings, and often 'without money and without price.'"

It would be tedious, as well as uninteresting, to give all the old lady's particulars of their long journey through the untrodden forest.

"The sun was near its decline when we arrived at our new home, and the bright crimson tints lighted up vine and tree, and a singing stream

that hid away in the woods, from the somberness of their repose, as if a 'trail of glory' lingered about the green earth. A number of Indian women were washing clothes in the limpid stream, and others, with their bundles of *chumpa*—wood—upon their backs, stopped to gaze upon the new-comers with no little curiosity. Hopeful and light-hearted as we were, it was not in human nature, when our future resting-place was reached, not to exchange a look that seemed to say, 'Shall this desolate place become the paradise we have dreamed of?' It was with a heavy heart I entered our log-cabin, little superior to those we had seen scattered along our way, though few and far between. A feeling of homesickness came over me, when I thought of the pleasant home I had left, surrounded, as it was, by all the comforts and luxuries of life, and made cheerful by friends and companions, and all the delightful joys of social intercourse, and compared them with the dreary aspect of every thing around my home in the wild woods—the unsightly stumps and tangled ground; the half-erected log-house, hardly sufficient to shelter us with our goods and chattels; the dark, interminable forest, amid whose gloomy recesses the evening breeze was now sighing what seemed more like a melancholy dirge than a cheerful welcome.

"My husband, who was uncommonly nimble in all his movements, in a few minutes had a bright fire wreathing and sparkling in the fireplace, which had no jambs, only a rough stone wall on the back. The chimney was made of short sticks, crossing so as to form a square chimney, and then plastered over outside and in with clay. I sat down on a log of wood by the fire—for the evening air was chilly—and cried like a very child. My children were delighted with every thing they saw, and were running round and round the stumps, collecting pebbles, and throwing them round, with bursts of noisy merriment.

"'Well, my dear, I suppose the tea-kettle must be hung on next,' said my husband gayly. I was at a loss to know how this was to be accomplished. I did not long remain in doubt, however; for he darted out at the door, which was so low that he was obliged to stoop considerably. He soon returned with the tea-kettle, and a maple pole, which he thrust into an opening which had purposely been left in the back of the stone-chimney—but which afterward was changed for a chain hung from the top of the chimney, upon which was suspended our kettle. On this the tea-kettle was hung, and soon commenced its song, with a sonorous energy proportioned to the heat of the fire. There was no time for crying now; I had to go to cooking in good earnest. My basket of provision, which I had prepared to serve us on the way, was nearly empty; so I kneaded a short-cake hastily—not a luscious cream short-cake, girls, but with water and lard—and spread it on a wooden trencher before the fire to bake. I then cut some slices of salt pork, which were soon hissing and sputtering

in that picturesque and now discarded utensil, the long-handled frying-pan. My husband assisted me, and turned off the affair with a very pleasant grace, which made me really quite cheerful. The cloth was spread on our little pine table, and when our supper was cooked he bore it to the table, whistling a march. The children, enjoying the joke, trudged after him. Our plain supper rapidly disappeared before keen appetites, and the mildly exhilarating influence of a cup of hyson did much toward restoring my spirits to their usual tone.

"I was naturally courageous, but I confess that I was somewhat startled and afraid when I saw the glistening eyes of the Indians, peering through the crevices between the logs at our family group, during the evening. I had always felt an undefined but extreme dread of these savages, often represented as so terrible, and had shudderingly imagined such a circumstance as now occurred; so that our exposed situation caused my heart to sink within me. Our beds were hastily prepared, and we sought repose after our evening worship. For the first time my husband kneeled in our rude home, to implore the pardon promised to the contrite heart, and to ask a blessing upon his household, and the wife of his bosom, and the children of his love. My thoughts went up with his in prayer, and an atmosphere of holiness came down like a refreshing and a new beauty upon us, producing a sweetness and a renewed delight, and making even our humble dwelling beautiful, and fortifying the soul to endure all that our nature shrinks from, and to resign all that our nature teaches us to hold dear, and imparting a spiritual essence to all our customary actions and pursuits.

"But sleep was very long in visiting my eyes. Glimpses of the 'deep blue vault of heaven, studded with stars,' was visible through the trees from every part of our dwelling; and in my imaginations I saw the tall forms of the Indians stealing stealthily about among the trees, and all the wild tales that I had ever heard of their cruelties came to my mind, my thoughts grew wild and reckless, and, half in weakness and half in cowardly fear, my flesh winced as if the edge of the tomahawk was really on my own body. But I at last yielded to sleep in spite of the wild thoughts which gathered upon my fancy, and slept as sweetly as in my sweet home far away.

"The morning sun was streaming gloriously through the arcades of the forest, bringing out the rich and variegated hues of the autumnal foliage, on which hung thousands of diamond-drops, that flushed to each light swaying of the breeze, when I awoke. Our first care was to make our cabin more comfortable, and to arrange the few articles of furniture we had managed to bring with us. The crevices were filled up with split logs on the inside, and plastered up with clay mortar on the outside. The roof was rows of poles laid at proper distances, and covered over with bark. The floor was of logs hewn square, so as to form an even

surface. Our door was hung on large wooden hinges, and their screeching made music enough, in spite of a frequent greasing. It was fastened with a large wooden latch extended across, to within one of the five rough boards which formed it, and this latch fell ponderously into a great wooden catch quite large enough to receive it. At night the string was pulled inside to secure it. And our little window, which might have admitted of four small panes of glass, had there been sash to receive them, was covered with oiled paper. My husband hewed out a large block for a stand, and I covered it with a white-fringed cloth, and placed on it the few books we had brought with us. I sometimes look around on the mass of books collected by my grandchildren, and am half skeptical with regard to the value of literature, when I remember how my mind and the minds of my children opened under the mysteries of the few books we at that time possessed.

"But to proceed with my household arrangements. Above the stand, near the window, I hung my looking-glass, three inches by four. On one wooden peg which supported it, I hung my skein of thread and a pin-ball; on the other my catch-all case—the half dozen pockets of different-colored chintz contained a variety of notions, which might be seen peeping out from the overstuffed pockets. Six splint-bottomed chairs, without paint, were scoured as white as the water-pail, which stood on a block by the pine table, which was scoured to the last degree of whiteness. Upon a shelf over the table was arranged our pewter plates, porringers, tubs, and bowls of wood, rounded at the angles, and bright and white with careful scouring. In the corner of the ample fireplace I stood my frying-pan, kettles, etc.; and here and there within the room were stout pegs cut to a convenient length, and driven into the logs, to hang our clothes on. This," said the old lady, "nearly completed the furniture of our cabin, which really had quite an appearance of comfort. The buzz of my small linen wheel, and the noisy treadles and shuttles of the loom that stood in the corner opposite our bed—for I manufactured my own and children's clothes, tastefully striping them with lye color and blue—with these sounds I often mingled my own voice in singing the old legendary songs with which my memory was stored, or a hymn of grateful praise. The presence of my husband and the ruddy faces of my children made the long winter pass more cheerfully than I had anticipated. I found that I could in a log-house, in the lonely wilderness, be contented and happy. For what is outward show to the deep and quiet affection which can hallow the hearth of domestic life?

"One family had become domiciled within five miles of us, and that was a near neighborhood in the backwoods. We occasionally interchanged visits, and they were joyful and happy ones. None but those who have experienced like privations can appreciate or realize the pleasure they afforded, or

the cheering smile of welcome that was heartily extended. There was an Indian settlement within a mile of our house, and the noiseless tread of moccasined feet often crossed our threshold. I always welcomed them as friends. Though they could not understand the import of my words, a gesture and a smile was nature's well-understood telegraph of kindness and welcome. The Indian women showed me many kindnesses, and they always smiled thankfully and admiringly at the kind and comely white woman. The Indians, too, treated us kindly, only when they had taken too much 'fire-water;' then we were often much alarmed for our personal safety by the vindictive spirit manifested by the baser Indians under its influence.

"A new life seemed to open with the balmy breath and warm sunshine of spring. A fine time we had boiling maple-sugar. But the most novel, as well as interesting, scene was the Indian festival, held when the season of sugar-making was past. 'They all join in thanksgiving to Ha-wah-ne-u, the great and good Spirit, for blessings received. The aged chiefs talk to the people upon the best means of meeting his favor, pointing out a straight line upon which all good people are desired to walk, by placing one foot directly before the other, and so proceed till they come to the end. They are admonished that there should be no deviation to the right hand or to the left into the path of vice, but keep straight forward in the way of rectitude and virtue, which, in the end, leads to the mansions of Ha-wah-ne-u. This festival is closed with dances, singing, and games.'

"The cleared spot around our log-cabin was inclosed with a rough zigzag fence. Within this inclosure we made our garden—vegetables of every kind grew luxuriantly in the new soil. Upon the little plot of ground around our door I made my flower-garden. In this I especially delighted. My flowering vines—the morning-glory and the scarlet-bean—were soon climbing up each side of the door and creeping over the roof of our log-cabin, and they festooned the branches of a small tree near the door; and in the bright month of June the tree was, every morning, covered with its many-colored blossoms. On each side of the door was a ridge, gay with chrysanthemums, larkspur, the sweet flowering-pea, and the bright velvet-marygold. The echoing sound of my husband's ax, in the dim woods, pressed closely upon my little flower plot, where, not busy with my household duties, I passed much of my time; my children, merry and happy, setting out orchards with sprigs of moss, their merry voices blending harmoniously with the delightful sounds floating in the air. The swaying of the trees and the ravishing music of the birds thrilled upon my heart, searching out a world of hidden music, which the same sounds, when blended with and subdued by the voices of neighbors and the busy hum of labor, had never been able to find. And never shall I forget the rich, the indescribable perfume which filled the air, as tree after tree was

cut down, and day after day passed away before the heavy foliage had ceased to exhale their odors from their withered leaves. Through the perspective might occasionally be seen herds of deer, with their antlered heads proudly elevated, and their penciled limbs scarcely visible in the speed of their motions.

"My daughter was a special favorite with the Indian maidens. She often visited their wigwams, greeting them gayly, and spent whole days with them, learning to weave baskets and plat belts of wampum, and to paddle the canoe upon the stream at the foot of the hill, not far from our dwelling, called by the Indians Hanauttoo—signifying water running through thick hemlocks; they promising her in return to learn to read and sew, and be quiet like white girls, but they could not long endure the restraint. The Indians bestow names upon white persons which, in their own native dialect, are most expressive of looks, qualities, and traits of character. They called my daughter Con-a-roo-quah, which, by interpretation, signifies one of pleasant disposition. She so won upon the good-will of the Indian girls, that they valued no difficulties too great in which they could gratify her wishes, or serve her in any thing she desired. They bestowed on her a head-band composed of scarlet silk interwoven with colored beads and wampum, and surmounted with a coronal of wild flowers, a richly wrought wampum belt for the waist, a brilliant pair of moccasins, and several other trinkets, which reflected high credit on the ingenuity of the native females, and would have well become a fairy queen, or the lady of an enchanted castle. When arrayed in all her Indian finery, and armed with a bow and quiver of arrows, she looked the goddess of the wildwood attended by her nymphs, for a troupe of Indian maidens ever followed her; and it was to please them that she decorated herself in the attire of these simple daughters of the woods.

"The Indians called me Che-wah-wah-wah-squaw; that is, gentleman's wife. And my husband they called To-whan-ta-qua, meaning one that can do two things at once, or one that is a laboring man and a gentleman at the same time. I was much amused as well as interested with the green-corn feast. This was one of their most joyous and merry-making festivals. The women were engaged days beforehand in making preparation, and had the principal management of the feast. The aged matron and the coy maiden were alike active and busy in procuring materials, and in distributing the contents of the kettles in which the corn had been boiled. And it was truly amusing to see with what cunning archness and address they would palm off an ear of hot corn upon some unsuspecting youth. The time of corn-husking, too, was a merry one for these simple daughters of the forest, who

'Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover;
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.'

These festivals were followed with music, dancing, and singing, and the pipe of peace was usually smoked from the older to the younger, in succession, to the last. Then followed the peace dance. 'This ceremony was performed to music without words. In the performance the males form as large a circle as the room will allow, facing inward; the females then glide slyly into the circle and range themselves forward of the men. After these arrangements are made the rude music strikes up, and the females proceed by placing their feet close together, then raising their toes, pass them about four inches to the right, and then their heels in the same manner; thus keeping time they pass noiselessly around the circle till the music ceases. During this movement of the females, the males retain their position, beating time with their heels and toes without moving at all to the right or left. This course is gone through with several times.'"

I fear that I am spinning out my story to an undue length. I might give you many more incidents in the life of grandmother Chapin, which would be but another proof of the trite remark, that the romance of real life is often more highly wrought and more deeply affecting than any fiction, however well drawn.

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.

ZSCHOKKE, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride:

"In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, *never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other*; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never, I say, never! wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, *never to have a secret from each other*, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow as it were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding-day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are!"

THE QUIET SPIRIT.

BY MRS. C. A. STEWART.

WELCOME and grateful to a benevolent heart is the task of delineating human nature in a lovely aspect. Many trials in our rugged pathway are overbalanced by the joys we experience as we discern the excellences of our fellow-travelers. And how near earth seems to heaven when we discover in man the characteristics of an angel! How much sweetness there is in that expression of the apostle's, "a quiet spirit;" and much more is there in the embodiment of this spirit in human form. It wins us to love our race. And how effectual is it in shutting out from our mental landscape all roughness and deformity, and exhibiting only that which tells of beauty and of peace. The quiet spirit is not inconsistent with an ardent zeal in the cause of right. Though its efforts are unobtrusive, yet they are none the less effectual, and often the wished-for point is attained ere the enemy has marshaled his forces to oppose. By no means synonymous with timidity or irresolution, it is as likely to be found in the forefront of battle as in the postern ranks. Let no one suppose that this quiet spirit is not a laboring spirit or an earnest spirit. It is its manner only which throws a veil over its efforts while *being accomplished*; but its *finished work* stands before the world in the fullness of strength and beauty. In holy writ it is most fitly spoken of as an *ornament*; for that which conceals defects and heightens loveliness has ever been so considered. But the quiet spirit seems to throw a grace over the whole character, and even to irradiate the countenance with a beauty borrowed from the soul. It commends itself so entirely to the admiration of all, that those even who are farthest from possessing it feel its presence a perpetual sunshine, and delight ever to be within the circle of its rays. This ornament is becoming to all. It shines in society with a steady though not a sparkling luster. But in the home circle its influence is the most abiding. No jarring string ought ever to sound forth discord there. No spirit of bitterness ought ever to be admitted within that cherished sanctuary. The fine gold of family love ought never to become dim, and where this spirit prevails it never will. The discontented, the uncharitable, or the malicious, feel this spirit to be a constant reproof; while the amiable and affectionate are alone loved and delighted in. As an inspirer of the love of moral beauty, no charm can be more effectual as a guardian of domestic peace, no sentinel would ever be more faithful, than the quiet spirit.

"No cloud," says the amiable Bishop Horne, "can overshadow a Christian, but the eye of his faith will discern a rainbow in it."

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

BY ELIZABETH BROKAW.

WHAT an exalted subject for contemplation are the starry heavens! With what rapture does it fill the soul to gaze upon a combination of such grandeur and beauty! And who can estimate or form a just conception of the power of Him who first ordained them? The sublimity and vastness connected with these august bodies, perfectly overwhelm the minds of frail and limited beings, and they find it difficult to form a correct idea of objects so distant, so numerous, and so sublime.

The science which treats of these bodies has, in all ages, engaged the attention of the poet, the philosopher, and the divine, and seems to have been a fit subject for their study and meditation. This science seems, indeed, to have been coeval with the existence of man. Kings have descended from their thrones to render homage to its infinity, and to enrich it by their labors, and humble shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, have beheld, with rapture, the blue vault of heaven, as its numberless shining orbs moved on in silent grandeur, till the morning star announced the approach of day. There is no rational being who, for the first time, has lifted his eyes to the great blue vault and beheld the moon walking, with silent and majestic tread, through the skies, and the innumerable smaller orbs which gem the heavens, but must have been struck with awe and admiration, and excited to anxious inquiry relating to the nature, motions, and destination of these far-distant orbs.

In regard to the stars which compose and greatly contribute to the brilliancy of the heavens, we may easily conceive that they are immense and infinitely far removed from our distinct comprehension; and at such distance it is evident we can form nothing approaching to a clear perception of their greatness; even the most lively imagination is constrained to drop its wing in attempting to fathom their immensity. How entertaining to the sight of the weary traveler, as he is wandering over some dreary waste, are the stars, those silent gazers upon the scene! And as he beholds them with thankfulness, they may be the ordered means of directing his steps, and he proceeds with renewed strength the remainder of his wearisome journey, having derived a fresh impulse from their brilliancy and beauty. How rejoiced were the lonely shepherds, as they were keeping their solitary vigils, when brightly dawned upon their sight the star of Bethlehem, that guided their prophets to the spot where lay the infant Redeemer; and joy must have filled their hearts as they sang the love of heaven for a guilty and ruined world. When the starry gems of night are glittering, and, like jewels of exquisite brightness, are flooding the heavens with paths of golden light, surely evidence is given us of the power of Him who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds

his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind, and we are ready to exclaim, how wonderful are thy works, O Lord; verily the heavens declare thy righteousness, and the firmament sheweth forth thy handiwork!

Amid the vast assemblage of material existence we may say, in the language of inspiration, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

GRACE GREENWOOD AND THE POPE.

In one of her letters to the *National Era*, from Rome, Grace Greenwood tells the following good story:

"As Miss C. and Miss H. came in from riding, a short time ago, they spoke of having met the Pope on the Porta Angelica road, and of having dismounted before he passed. 'What, you pay such homage to the Pope!' I exclaimed. 'Why not?' said Miss H. 'The worthy old gentleman was on foot, and all the Catholics in his way were on their knees; the guard would have commanded us to dismount, if we had not done so of our own accord.' 'I would have turned and galloped back, or leaped the hedge and taken across the fields, or sat upright in my saddle till the guardsmen pulled me off!—any thing to save my pride and principles as a republican and a Protestant.' This I said walking the room, setting my foot down each time emphatically and anti-Papally. A few days after this, as I was riding with Miss C. on this same road, we saw the Pope approaching. He was walking in front of his carriage, dressed in white, with a red hat and red shoes, preceded by mounted guards, accompanied by several cardinals, and followed by officers of his household and carriages. We were near an open space, and drew a little off from the road, but still in full sight of the procession. One of the *Guardia Nobile* rode slowly by, giving us, as he passed, a look of pious anger and rebuke, as much as to say, 'Frail vessels of heresy, will ye then brave the Holy See itself?' Now, if a bluff Swiss guardsman had rudely ordered me to dismount, I should have sat firm in my saddle and my sentiments, and looked at my persecutor with much the feeling expressed by the spirited Mrs. Squeers, 'I pity your ignorance and despises you.' But to be thought wanting in manners and religion by a noble young Roman, was quite another thing. I remarked that I really wished to get a nearer view of the Pope. So we dismounted, approached to the edge of the bank, over the road, where we should have had a very near look at his Holiness; but, when only within some twenty yards of us, the provoking *Papa* paused, turned, remounted into his carriage, and drove back toward the Vatican. The quizzical look of the noble guardsman, as he repassed us, and the laugh raised against me at dinner, are two things which I shall not soon forget."

AJAX.

BY ALICE CARY.

LEST the reader be misled by my title, I must say at once, that I do not propose to write of that son of Telamon, the prince who, at the siege of Troy, killed himself because the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses, and hence was changed into a violet. This, indeed, were a "sea of glory far beyond my depth."

It is not with myth nor myth-times that I have to do; it is simply of one of the *mute creation*, as Lord Erskine happily calls animals, in memory of which I write. But his death, at least, proved him worthy of his name—poor Ajax!

"Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

Who that has lived in the country has not felt the truth and beauty of the above lines? I certainly have. My heart has been gladdened a thousand times by the "honest bark" of "Ajax" as I drew near home. If no one else was there to welcome me, he was sure to be at his post, and with the first click of the gate-latch sound the alarm, and then hasten forth to see whether friend or foe were approaching. That first belligerent growl, indeed, was a mere pretense—a trick he seemed to think becoming his state and station; for he knew well enough whether it were one of the family or another whose step sounded at the gate, and whose hand was on the latch.

How happy he was if I stopped to pat his neck, or playfully box his great lopping ears, which I almost always did; for it is a pleasure to make any thing happy, even a dog. His overtures especially I could never bear to slight; for he was one of the most sensitive of the mute creatures I ever knew; and if I passed him without notice, he went droopingly aside, and really seemed to feel a human sense of humiliation and shame.

When he felt that he was not wanted, he had not the audacity to presume; he was quite too proud, too sensibly proud for that. Often when I thus passed him, my conscience would not let me rest till I whistled him back, and, in a regular romp, made amends.

He was not beautiful, but large and strong, with that reliable look that made you like him at once. His hide was mostly white, but streaked and spotted with reddish brown, and his sleek, well-to-do aspect won your respect. I know not his lineage, for he came to us in the full prime of *doghood*; but he was naturally aristocratic in feeling, and had a decided aversion to all poorly dressed people. It was always at his peril that a peddler stepped inside the gate.

He was not an abolitionist; and all the colored race was strictly forbidden the front entrance, and even about the kitchen, though fed by their hands, he would not so much as recognize one by a wag of his tail. Perhaps he may have entertained views

favorable to colonization; but we have no means of knowing.

In short, though he was one of the most faithful of his tribe, it was, perhaps, that he was *our dog* which made me like him, and probably I should never have discovered any wonderful sagacity if he had been the property of one of our neighbors.

He was never taught, and I know not what his capacities for learning may have been; but he was certainly possessed of a *high order* of instinct. He liked human society vastly; and in the summer evenings when I sat at the door, on the "low step," with my feet in the grass, he would come and lie down beside me, and, with his head on my knee, *seem* to listen while I read. Many are the evenings we have passed thus together, till the long sweeps of crimson faded from the blue twilight distances, and Hesperus stood large and white among the tree-tops. "Well, Ajax, I must go in," I used to say, and rising, he would lift his eyes mournfully toward me, and give me his paw to say good-night.

Often he went with me about the fields and woods; but when my walk was to the village, he could only accompany me as far as the gate; for he had the weakness of quarreling with other dogs, and was, therefore, not allowed to go where he would be likely to encounter them. This was a grievous fault of his, but neither scoldings nor whippings could ever correct it.

At night he slept beneath the window of my chamber, and during the day lay at the door of the sitting-room. His meals were prepared as regularly as ours, and in all ways his comfort was cared for. Sometimes when I was sewing he would mischievously steal my thimble or spool of cotton, but he was careful to do them no injury; the spool he held endwise between his teeth, and though he retained it never so long it was without soiling in the least. But, after all,

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

Seven years he was a faithful friend and guardian; but at the close of that time, two summers ago, came an innovation upon the long-established routine which he did not much like—the breaking up of housekeeping. The portion of the house where we had been accustomed most to be became the home of another family; and though we remained, it was only as boarders.

He seemed perfectly to understand the arrangement, and, for the first time in his life, permitted another dog to remain undisturbed, though he disdained to play with or notice him in any way. He abandoned the door he had been so long used to guard, and stationed himself at the parlor entrance, never leaving it for a reconnoiter about the kitchen or barn, as he had always done before.

His meals were not as they used to be, and the poor fellow began to suspect that the new people didn't like him much. He seemed to feel that he was divested of all authority, and permitted people of all grades and conditions to come in and go out as they would, unless they approached the parlor

entrance. Here for some weeks he passed the day and lodged, going abroad for his food; for he was not invited to eat, and would not avail himself of that which was prepared for another.

Gradually he lost his old playfulness, and, like disrowned Saturn, lay

"Upon the sodden ground,
His realmless eyes fast closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

In spite of all his courage—and he would battle to the death, if you bade him, with any mortal foe—he was terribly afraid of thunder. The first distant mutterings affected him, even to trembling; and he was always found crouching under the porch of the kitchen during a storm. With the approach of the first storm after his ejection, he manifested the old symptoms of terror; but with the utmost stretch of bravery he maintained his position, as peal after peal rolled up the sky and broke overhead. Presently came the great warm drops pattering and plashing on the door-steps, and rising he walked toward his accustomed shelter, looked wistfully a moment, and, though the rain began dashing thick and fast, and the lightnings flashed fearfully, he turned away "to bide the pitiless peltings of the storm," and front all its terrors, rather, as it seemed, than trespass where he was no longer monarch.

He grew so miserable shortly that he neither cared for food or play; and being taken to the house of a neighbor, and told that he was to remain there for a time—for we always talked to him as though he was a reasoning creature—he did so, and soon grew contented and happy. And though his new home was within stone's throw of the old one, and no restraint was used, he came home only as a visitor thereafter. Two or three times in the week he came, and after remaining an hour or two went away, never in any way molesting or disturbing the usurper of his former house and rights.

He had not been long from us when I left home. He was not there at the time of my departure, and so failed of receiving the adieus he had always had before.

During an absence of more than a year I thought often of my failing to say good-by to Ajax, of all his cunning ways, of his long and faithful guardianship; and wondered whether he would remember me and be glad, as he had always been before, when I should return.

I often repeated the lines of Byron:

"My dog perhaps will whine for me
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'll tear me where he stands."

But I didn't think it; he, at least, would be glad to see me; I was sure of that. I never thought of the possibility of his being dead.

After a summer passed in boarding, Ajax fell into the hands of a new master—the one with whom he had lived so long at the old homestead, when about taking a long journey, bequeathed him,

as a "rich legacy," to a younger brother, with whom he lived, for a time, on the best terms.

Faithful to all trusts he was, as far as he could be; but, poor fellow! he was growing old, and sometimes was slow and sometimes incompetent, and the young master was less considerate for him than the old one had been.

One day, for some failure of duty, he was roughly thrust aside, and told that he was not good for any thing any more. He felt reproof very keenly, and for a few days roused all failing energies to please. But the young master knew that he was old and worthless, as he said; and though he permitted him to remain, he paid him no attention, and placed no confidence in him.

At length a new watch-dog was brought home— young and vigorous, and a great deal larger and more beautiful than poor old Ajax, who, nevertheless, made a violent assault upon him, and battled bravely for the new fine house in which the usurper was installed. Its nice provisions seemed to madden him while he was left only the bare ground.

In vain he was coaxed and persuaded to leave the new-comer in peace; he would not, till the young master reproved him in a harsh tone and struck him; and though it was only with the hand, the poor fellow felt that insult was added to injury. He turned drooping and mournfully away, left the new house and the new master, and, returning to the old homestead—desolate now, and without inhabitant—sought his accustomed bed, and lay down to die.

Here he was discovered after a day or two, evidently slowly dying. The hand that struck him caressed him now, and the voice that had spoken harshly entreated him, in kindest words and tones, to look up; but he would not lift his head that was crouched against the sleety ground, nor make recognition in any way. Food in all shapes of delicacy that he had liked was brought; but he refused to eat from the young master's hand, or to look at him.

It was a cold, blustery winter day when my father, whom Ajax had always regarded with especial fondness, went to visit, and, if possible, persuade him to return home. At the sound of the well-known voice the poor brute lifted up his head, wagged his tail, and licked the caressing hand; but he turned mournfully from the bowl of milk, and would neither eat nor return home, though the snow was drifting and freezing against him. All the entreaties to which he had ever before responded quickly were useless; he would only lick the hand, and look sorrowfully up; his heart was broken, and he seemed only waiting to die.

The next morning the young master went to see him, taking some straw and a blanket; but the snow was drifted quite over him, and he was warm enough. When I asked for him they told me how he died. I turned slowly away. Too heavy was my heart to speak, and tear-drops unbidden welled fast from my poor heart.

TO ONE WHO THOUGHT ME COLD.

BY LILY LINDENWOOD.

NAY, judge me not—O, judge me not!
 Nor count me what I seem,
 A pulseless thing, for aye inwrought
 In some deep, troubled dream!
 A shadow vales my brow, I know,
 And clouds my vacant eye,
 And many deem that deeper shades
 Around my heart-strings lie.
 It may be so—it may be *more*;
 I can not tell thee now,
 Or say whence comes this shadowy sign
 Upon my altered brow.
 Thou hast a gentle heart, my friend;
 It oftentimes beats with mine,
 And yet my spirit hath a world
 All, all apart from thine—
 A beauteous world of parted years;
 Tongue may not tell how fair:
 I chide, and chide my wayward heart,
 And still it will be there.
Beauteous, I said, yet hath that world
 Its mingled lights and glooms;
 It hath its slow funeral trains,
 Its palls, and tears, and tombs.
 Thou hast had sorrow! Once I saw
 Thy quivering eyelids close,
 When stood we where the wearied ones
 Had found a long repose.
 Thus I have wept a cherished one,
 For Death too fair a prey;
 And grieved for him that lost one loved—
 A wanderer, far away.
 And—madness 'twas—but I have mourned—
 Long mourned, and wildly wept,
 When it was only o'er the tomb
 Where Hope's fair phantoms slept.
 How strange, that thus the human heart
 Will sorrow, year by year,
 O'er parted idols, never worth
 A single virtuous tear!
 'Tis done, and now what powers unseen,
 Nor named, nor counted, throw
 This fourfold shadow o'er my soul,
 None but my God may know.
 And yet there's much of light and joy
 Within my chastened heart;
 There's much of love and sympathy,
 Though oft my tears will start.
 O! how like some delirious dream
 Wears life's strange fever on—
 Ten thousand inconsistencies
 So strangely blent in one!
 It matters not, 'twill soon be o'er;
 And O, I joy to know
 What peaceful waking waits the just,
 Where deathless spirits go!

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PASSERS-BY.

BY GEORGIE A. HULSE.

How many changing fates
 My wand'ring glances meet,
 As sitting by the window,
 I look out upon the street.
 The rain is falling coldly,
 As sorrow on the heart,
 And all in shadow lieth
 The busy, crowded mart.
 But eager, hurried footfalls
 Are on the pave below,
 And careworn, thoughtful faces
 Pass ever to and fro.
 A loit'ring, happy school-boy
 Now from my sight is gone;
 But I can hear him whistling
 Of "the old folks at home."
 And I begin to wonder
 If *his* folks are like to ours;
 And if his home is happy,
 Or his pathway full of flowers.
 Now shouting joyously they come,
 A merry, thoughtless band;
 Just free—for it is midday—
 From the school-house near at hand.

The tramp of steeds comes slowly,
 I hear it nearing now;
 Some heart I ween is stricken,
 Some idol is laid low.
 A little child they're bearing
 To its long and dreamless rest;
 Why weep so wildly? more than we
 The guileless spirit's blest.
 Slowly, more slowly move ye,
 And lay it gently down;
 'Tis but the earthly part ye bear,
 The spotless soul hath flown!
 Pass on! as though a message
 Is sent you from on high;
 The sun a cloud is parting,
 The blue is in the sky.
 Gone the mourners, and the gleam-light
 That for a moment giv'n,
 Seemed to win the sorrowing spirit,
 To turn its thoughts to heav'n.
 Friendly, smiling, well-known faces,
 With answer'ing smile I greet,
 As, many lessons learning,
 I look out on the street.

"TRUE faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
 Faith evermore looks upward, and descries
 Objects remote; but reason can discover
 Things only near—sees nothing that's above her."

THE ODYSSEY OF RICHARD WILSON, ESQ.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

(SECOND PAPER.)

In our last communication we left our amiable friend, Richard, enjoying the kind attentions of the benevolent little German dame, who had just rescued him from the inextricable confusion of pudding and beef gravy, and fish dressed with pudding sauce.

The lady has fed Dick, and he has seen the Rhine and Switzerland in a week. He now rushes on to Vienna, and is on the point of rushing in, when a bayonet suddenly falls across his path. "Who are you?" demands the sentinel. Dick is on the point of saying, "What's it your business?" when he suddenly reflects that prudence is the better part of valor, and replies, "An American." This is suspicious, and the sentinel demands his passport. The latter is sent to the police office, and he is told to follow it. And now a gentleman in spectacles minutely compares the description in the passport with Dick's personal appearance. He reads: "Mr. Richard Wilson, citizen of the United States, and resident of New York city. Merchant by profession; thirty years of age"—casting a glance at Wilson, who now begins to look grave; "five feet, ten inches high"—requesting Wilson to place himself against the measuring board, who, in this position, becomes wrathful at the idea of being measured; "light complexion"—here Wilson and his passport do not agree; but he explains it away by saying that he has become swarthy by exposure to the sun while traveling; "wears no whiskers"—here's a terrible discrepancy; for Wilson's face is as rough as a bear's, with well-developed whiskers and mustaches: Wilson sheepishly observes that these are all of foreign growth, not having been there when he applied to the Department of State for a passport; "light hair and light blue eyes"—right; "very large nose"—Wilson clinches his fist; "small mouth and regular teeth"—he smiles; "stoops a little, and has nothing peculiar in his appearance"—Wilson hurriedly bites off a piece of tobacco.

And now comes the interrogatory: "What is the object of your visit?"

"Merely traveling for pleasure."

"How long do you wish to stay?"

"Three days."

"Where do you go to when you leave here?"

"Down the Danube to Constantinople."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single."

"What is your religion, Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant."

"In what hotel are you going to stay while here?"

"The Golden Lamb."

"Have you money enough to pay your expenses?"

"I think so, sir."

"Have you a letter of credit or recommendation to a banker?"

"I have both."

"Show them."

"Well, sir, if this gentleman or your ambassador will be security for your good behavior while here, and guarantee that you will not meddle with politics or the government in any way, you can have permission to stay three days."

Wilson leaves the Vienna Bureau of Police in a state of perspiration, heaping deep and heavy execrations on every thing that bears the name of Austrian, and thanking Providence that he was born on our own soil. He would gladly kick, but it is hard to kick against the thorns. He submits in quiet, spends his three days in gazing at the wonders and visiting the pleasure-grounds of the most brilliant capital in Europe, and then steams down the Danube to see the Sultan. In comparison to the Emperor of Austria he votes him a gentleman, admires Constantinople, takes a sail on the charming Bosphorus to the mouth of the Black Sea, visits the mosque of St. Sophia, and gets a sly glance at the seraglio. Before departing he proposes building a little pleasure railroad in the gardens of the latter, for the delight of the ladies of the harem, makes an offer to light Constantinople with gas, and would gladly take home a contract for a magnetic telegraph. He then jumps into a steamer, commanded by a Yankee captain; sails through the Dardanelles; is delighted, at the Hellespont, to see the very place where Leander used to swim across every night to see his lady-love, the bride of Abydos; touches at Smyrna to get a box of figs, and at Athens to take in coal.

He then steams round to Naples full tilt; ascends Vesuvius, and throws a stone into the crater; flies post haste to Rome to see the Pope and the Vatican; stops over night at Florence, to have a friendly chat with Powers, and declares that Phidias and Praxiteles were not a touch to him in making Greek Slaves; crosses the Mediterranean to Marseilles; stops an hour at Lyons to buy a lot of silks for the New York market; flies through Paris to Havre; there boards the "Clipper of the Seas" again, and bets on nine days, thirteen hours, and thirty-seven minutes. And on the first day of September, true as steel, behold Richard Wilson, Esq., again landed in the city of Gotham, a traveled gentleman. He has been absent just three months, seen all the world and the rest of mankind, and knows nothing about them, except that, if he summed up the whole account, he would declare that he has had about one month of genuine fun and two months of outrageous torment and vexation—the whole costing him one thousand dollars.

We believe that we have by no means exaggerated the adventures of Richard Wilson, and believe that he has many prototypes among his countrymen. He, we remarked, was a fast man; but fast men, like the hare in the fable, seldom win the

race; the tortoise generally reaches the goal first. It is a very grave error into which we are falling, of visiting Europe, as it were, by contract, and boasting, not of what we have learned, but of what we have seen and passed over in a given time. It reminds one of Cowper's ditty, which runs nearly thus:

"The fool that went to Rome,
Was much a greater fool,
Than he who staid at home."

To the reflecting mind and sympathizing nature there are thousands of attractions that escape the coarse and careless gaze of the vulgar and thoughtless. Even the ocean, whose billows bear us to another world, is full of useful lessons. Some wisecracks of a poet, once in his life, committed the following:

"Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! you ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship."

Independent of the beauty of his verse, we propose to prove that he has committed a grave error. Monotony of an Atlantic trip! Why, a trip across the ocean is a miniature voyage of life—fair weather one day, and foul the next—calm succeeding storm, and storm following calm—now a clear sky with prosperous breezes, and high hopes of sailing triumphantly into a haven, again gray murky clouds appear in the horizon, grow dark and darker, angry and more angry, and finally burst with relentless fury over the hey-dey prospects of bright, and glorious, and happy days, and cast their volumes of misfortune to lie, like a pall, over the most cherished aspirations of the soul. Is this not life? and is there monotony in life? Is it not an ocean whose billows rise and fall?—rise high if they fall low, and fall low if they rise high, with ceaseless activity rolling, and rolling, and rolling on to the goal of eternity. Who casts his bark on the ocean, with its prow directed to a distant port, without cradling in his bosom fond and firm hopes that it will be safely reached? And still are not many of those hopes engulfed in the chasms of the mighty deep? Who launches his vessel in the spring-time of life on its fitful waves without painting a prosperous passage? And still how many shipwrecks there are in life! How few reach a home of joy, and content, and peace! How many go down in the breakers that dash on the very shores they long for! O, why is life not an evergreen! for the world itself—God's world, we mean—is so surpassingly beautiful, is so divinely and mysteriously made, that it seems as if life were destined to be a perennial spring; as if it should not know the scorching heats of summer follow its enticing spring-time, and that summer itself is followed by the season of "the sear and yellow leaf," and that then the cold snow comes and covers it like a winding-sheet.

O, why is life not an evergreen! Why does it bloom one day like the lily, and the next blossom like the rose? And why, like the rose, do the flow-

ers pass away, one by one, and then the leaves? Why does the dark stem remain standing, decked with nothing but thorns? Why? Why, because, though all else may be lost, hope is not lost. That rough and somber stem, those sharp, unfriendly thorns may again be adorned with rosy-tinted flowers and green and fragrant leaves. And they thus live through adversity and hope. Life is not an evergreen—is not always peaceful and calm, because it is an ocean; and storms and adversity are necessary to purify it and prevent its stagnation. These are the reveries, and not the monotony of an Atlantic trip; and they and it being passed, we will cease our moralizing for a while and return to the facts of Richard's experience.

And, to begin with, we are greeted strangely—passing strangely—on landing on the shores of the old world, and in those very greetings we imagine the national character depicted as with a pencil.

Sturdy, and active, and stirring John Bull, like his refractory Brother Jonathan, says, "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" Now, we know that fat John and lean Jonathan are always doing something—are having their finger in nearly every world's pie that's baked; and there seems to be a peculiar fitness in their saying to each other, from morning till night, "How d'ye do?" occasionally relaxing into a right comfortable "how are you?" For none better than the Englishman understands true comfort when he sees fit to take it.

Johnny Crapaud, or Jack Toad—as John Bull not very politely names his French cousins—greet you in a far different manner. His "how d'ye do," is "*comment vous, partez vous?*"—"how do you carry yourself?" And here again is a peculiar coincidence between the national character and the national greeting. How do you carry yourself! How extremely appropriate to a Frenchman, who is always on the move—ever on the *qui vive!* In this expression we see all the vivacity, the bowing and scraping, the dancing, tripping, and hopping of a genuine Frenchman. In short, *monsieur and madame* are always carrying themselves somewhere.

But the comfortable, quiet-loving, beer-drinking, pipe-smoking German says to you, "*Wie befinden sie sich?*"—how do you find yourself? He neither does nor carries; he finds himself, and likes to do that without a great deal of seeking—a good-natured, phlegmatic expression, that puts one in a clever humor to think of it.

But the proud descendants of the Cæsars—those who glory in such cities as Rome and Venice, and feed their pride on recollections of past greatness—say, with a certain sort of dignity, "*Come sta?*"—how do you stand? The Italian neither does, nor carries, nor finds; he stands, like the statues that adorn the temples erected to his country's fame.

And the proud, haughty Spaniard—proud, not of what his country is now, but of what it has been—measures slowly out, with the dignity of a grandee, "*Como esta usted?*"—how stands your worship?

Say, then, if these greetings are not mirrors of the national feeling, and the exponents of national character.

And then this is but half the field. These are merely the usual salutations that every-where seem, by universal consent, to precede the discussion of the weather—an exordium to the question, "Did it rain, blow, thaw, or freeze yesterday, or is dame nature amusing herself with the same sort of phenomenon to-day?" On the continent there seems to be a perfect rage for salutations for all hours of the day, in Germany especially. In the morning, "May you have slept well!" About noon it is, "May you have a good dinner," or simply, "A good appetite!" After dinner, "I hope you've had a good dinner!" In the evening, "May you sleep well," or, "Pleasant dreams!" And so on with scores of others.

Occasionally these salutations among the peasants become imbued with a deep religious feeling, especially in Catholic and mountainous countries. The bare peaks of the Tyrol, like spires pointing to heaven, seem to guide the rustic mind eternally to God, and the common salutation of the Tyrolese, on meeting a stranger, is, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" And if said stranger have the least sympathy for the education or the superstition of the Tyrolese, he will reply, "To eternity, amen!" for not to do so would be an insult.

Another custom, which is a sort of cousin German to the preceding, is the rage for titles. Brother Jonathan is often roundly lampooned for his inborn desire to dub every man as general, or colonel, or captain, or doctor, or, at least, 'squire; but those who chronicle his eccentricities do him injustice here. It is our humble opinion, founded on some experience, that there is as great a rage for titles there as here. In the first place, nothing is more common than to adorn simple names with at least the lowest title of nobility. A counterpart of Richard Wilson, Mr. John Jones, of New York, has made some fortune in the leather line, for example. He goes to Paris for a stay; spends his dimes freely, and soon becomes a living proof of the oft-repeated adage, that "money makes the mare go." His Parisian friends, who are charmed with his good suppers, forthwith confer on him the title of "*de*;" that is, in correspondence he is addressed as *Monsieur John de Jones*; as we say Alphonse de Lamartine, for instance; which is equivalent to Alphonse, of Lamartine, which is a contraction of Alphonse, of the house of Lamartine. And, therefore, John Jones becomes, in reality, John, of the house of Jones, disclaiming, of course, all connection with leather; although Mr. Jones's motto in New York was, "There is nothing like leather."

Let us trace, for a moment, a curious fact in language, which may have escaped the notice of some. In French, the word "*de*," as already remarked, is equivalent to the house of, or son of. In Spanish it is the same word; therefore, Lopez de Vega, means Lopez, son of Vega. In Italian it is "*di*;"

therefore, Di Garibaldi might be extended in the same way. In German this little word becomes "*von*," as Alexander Von Humboldt, meaning, as before, Alexander, the son of Humboldt. In good old Holland Dutch it is "*van*," as Rip Van Winkle; and we all know that Rip was the son of old Winkle, although we have, perhaps, not all been aware that Rip was a nobleman. In the same manner our Dutch ancestors, along the Hudson, present scores of "*vans*." Van Buren, Van Rensselaer, Van Baskirk, and all the other vans, are, therefore, sprigs of Dutch nobility. In sweet Ireland it becomes O, as O'Connell. This simple letter O was formerly of; therefore, Daniel of Connell, or, of the house of Connell. And so down through the O'Briens, O'Shaughnessys, till we get to Paddy O'Rafferty, at the tail of the list. In Scotch it becomes "*mac*;" thus Mac Dougal, Mac Donald.

In the Slavonic family of languages, to trace it still further, it follows the name. In Polish it is "*ski*," and Pulaski is consequently a noble name, meaning the son of Pulas. In Russia it is "*witch*," and the present Emperor's name is Nicholas Paulowitch; that is, Nicholas, son of Paul. This termination the Russians frequently add to a foreign name out of compliment, as the French do "*de*." A branch of the Wilsons resided some time in St. Petersburg, and was sometimes dubbed Wilsonowitch, which, however much it may smack of distinction in Russian, looks mighty suspicious in the king's English. Think of calling a man Wilsonowitch!

It is an old saying, that "the clergyman's sons are the worst boys in the parish." We may apply the principle to sprigs of republican nobility, if you will permit us an expression so contradictory in nature, though true in fact. Mr. John Jones, of New York, though still smelling mighty strongly of leather, soon becomes convinced of the fact that a gentleman of his cloth must be of noble origin. He goes to an office of heraldry and pays, perhaps one pound, perhaps five, for searching all the records of the renowned Jones family, for the purpose of finding out the coat of arms that the Joneses may put on their coach-panel, and the signet with which they may adorn their correspondence. It will probably turn out to be a certain proverbially stupid and stubborn animal, braying over a bunch of thistles. Forthwith said beast adorns the coach panel in brilliant colors and modern style. A donkey outside tells the origin of the donkeys within. Thus emblazoned, the Joneses, of leather notoriety, drive four in hand through Hyde Park, or the Champs Elysées.

John Smith, Esq., has no desire to be outdone by Monsieur de Jones; and even Mr. James Brown feels that he has an equal right to distinction. And thus springs up, in Paris, a school of American nobility, distinguished alike for a superabundance of arrogance and a small allowance of brains. This is no fiction; it is truth. There is now in Paris a New Yorker, whose pockets are pretty well

lined with money, made as a shoe-dealer. He happens to bear the name of one of the royal families of England. He has adopted its coat of arms as his, and flourishes them on the drive and the promenade. This is more than supremely ridiculous; it is supremely contemptible. And it is surprising to how great an extent Americans carry this nonsense. A militia captain, colonel, or general issues his visiting cards with a long rignmarole attached, announcing that he is an officer of the "bloody eighty-fourth regiment of the Rattling Blues of the city of New York." If to this pompous advertisement of his distinguished position at home, he keeps expensive apartments and gives good dinners, he immediately becomes a man of note, so that the "nephew of his uncle" feels honored to have him represent the United States army at some grand review; and the colonel soon figures in the Parisian journals as the accomplished and gallant officer from the United States.

A very wealthy lady, well known in the fashionable circles of the eastern cities, kept up, in Paris, for some time, a most splendid establishment, which actually became the admiration and envy of the Parisian aristocracy. She gave grand entertainments, to which she was desirous of inviting the purest blood in the capital. In order to do things up in *recherché* style, she places the whole affair in the hands of a lady patroness, from the highest aristocracy. Said lady only invites those of the first water, and thus a great many American and other friends of the lady are not invited, because, according to the lady patroness, they do not stand high enough in the scale of respectability to associate with those who are to be, *par excellence*, the big bugs of the evening. Indeed, to make a long story short, a great many Americans make great fools of themselves abroad, in trying to ape the manners of the aristocracy.

But, to their honor be it said, the great majority of Yankees that go abroad maintain an independent bearing, equally distant from arrogance and servility. Indeed, perhaps the greatest fault to be found with them is, that they are too tardy to acknowledge the good and adopt the useful, on the ground that we are the *ne plus ultra* of nations, and that a genuine Yankee is universally personified. He has nothing more to learn after going through our mill, and his whole object in visiting the continent is one of pure benevolence, that he may leave a slice of his El Dorado for the starving natives, throw a few glances of pity on the oppressed and contempt on the oppressors, and learn the more to love his Yankee father-land.

To him, however, who visits Europe with the mind of the scholar, the eye of the keen observer, and the heart of the philanthropist, its resources are exhaustless. The scholar has all the advantages spread before him that erudition and age can collect, and he has these advantages generally without money and without price. The observer has the pleasing and the painful, the elevating and the de-

pressing, the grave and the gay on which to speculate. And to the philanthropist the whole country is one broad field for the exercise of his inclinations and his studies to improve the condition of his fellow-men.

To these, then, a visit to Europe is of sterling profit and pleasure. And there is no remark more true, than that real heart-felt pleasure once enjoyed is lasting. It reproduces itself after the lapse of months and years, and seems to adorn the heart with a perennial bloom. It is thus with the pleasures of youth in foreign lands; if they have been really pleasures of the heart; if they have been calm and sweet; if friendship has woven a silken net around your destiny and that of others, and formed tender cords of pure, disinterested attachment that the billows of an ocean can not chill, then will the scenes of those happy days frequently rise up, like a vision of the past, and throw roseate hues over the darkest hours of life. The summer of our existence is so short and the winter so long, that we need some evergreen to exhale its fragrance over the soul, when the more fragile flowers have shrunk away before the nipping frosts of the north. And those evergreens are the reminiscences of vivid pleasures once enjoyed. They rise up like the rays of a setting sun, and, piercing the dark clouds of misfortune and the rain-drops of adversity, adorn them with the rainbows of hope. They gather round the heart like warm zephyrs from the land where bloom the orange and the olive, and keep it fresh, and open, and warm.

They afford cooling draughts through the fitful fever of life, and mark the tablets of memory with many a joy which seems to brighten and brighten as it recedes in the lapse of time.

LOVE TO CHRIST.

I FELT the love of Jesus sweeter; for I was so very happy; O, how I longed to share my joy with you! I wonder what gave me such delight; it was not any clear views of my interest in Christ! On the contrary, I never stopped to inquire! *I could not help* rejoicing; and when Satan whispered that he would get me yet, I felt no alarm; indeed, the strangest thought came into my mind; I thought, well if I am lost, *I will sit in the corner and think about Jesus!* and I actually felt as if I could be happy even *there*, if I could think *forever* about Jesus. My heart bounded up to him so. O, I thought I even loved him! But that is impossible; such a cold heart could not love him; but then he loves me. O! nothing will ever persuade me that he does not; and he loves you too. O! never believe Satan's lies when he tells you he does not; believe that Jesus loves you and you must rejoice. O! if the joy I have felt for two days were to last always, I don't think I could stay on the earth. Too light would be both my poor body and soul to tarry longer in this world.

AN INVALID IN FLORIDA.

At Savannah I encountered the outskirts of the great army of northern invalids who yearly enter the south. There the painful sound of coughing commenced, which has not since ceased to greet my ears. There one begins to discover something of the mass of humanity which our rigorous climate drives forth, in its most melancholy aspect of decay. At the hotel, I met many unfortunate consumptives, from the middle and New England states, some buoyant with hope as they neared the field of their anticipated restoration; and others with their sad faces already turned homeward, filled with that despondency which the inevitable approach of death must awaken in all our hearts. On board the steamer Welaka, which I entered as a passenger for this place, I found several sufferers, whose condition awakened my warmest sympathies. They had evidently left home but to die away from their kindred. In this they followed the example of hundreds of others, who seek too late the advantages of a climate which, however efficacious in removing disease, has no power to restore the dead. One of my fellow-passengers was a spiritual medium from Otsego county, New York, and was visiting Florida by direction of his mother's spirit, which held communication with him every night, and controlled his daily movements. Wherever he was directed to go, he went; and whatever told to do, that he performed. He was first sent to Aiken, South Carolina, and subsequently ordered to Jacksonville, whither he was proceeding in obedience to his revered instructress. The professed spirit rapped at the head of his berth at night, and imparted the counsel which guided his feet. His delusion was certainly harmless in comparison with that of another feeble gentleman on board, who was dying not as surely from his pulmonary complaints as from the *medicine mania* with which he was afflicted. He went daily through the whole list of syrups, balsams, cordials, extracts, expectorants, pectorals, panaceas, and other patent and unpatented concoctions, and had a dose appointed for each hour in the day, so that he found constant employment in watching the hands of his watch and swallowing his physic. He seemed to carry an entire apothecary shop with him, the contents of which he was hurriedly endeavoring to pour into his stomach. One of the bottles among his assortment, I should think contained four quarts of medicated liquid. This, from its extreme size, he was unable to get in his trunk, and therefore was obliged to place it in the bar-room of the boat, whither he resorted at the appointed hour to partake. What less than a miracle, think you, can ever save his life? It is of little use to go south in search of health, unless the habits which hasten disease are left behind. Of what avail is it to court the kindly ministrations of nature, while one persists in indulgences which thwart all her recuperative efforts?

This Jacksonville is an incorporated city, in size

about equal to the village of Saccarappa, near Portland, although the buildings are inferior to those of almost any New England town. The resident population is somewhat less than two thousand inhabitants, to which are added in winter from three to five hundred strangers. The business of the place is transacted almost exclusively by northern men, and the town presents more the appearance of a thrifty, enterprising Yankee village than any place I have visited in the south. Jacksonville is situated on the St. John's river, about thirty miles from its mouth. This river is a broad and picturesque stream, running north, and finding its outlet near the north-east point of Florida. Its width varies from one to three miles, its depth is from twenty-five to thirty feet, and it is navigable one hundred miles for large vessels, and upward of two hundred miles for steamers drawing five feet of water. It is destined to become a river of great commercial importance, as the immense resources of the state are developed. A sand-bar at its mouth, upon which there are only seven or eight feet of water at low tide, seriously obstructs navigation. For the improvement of this bar a project is on foot, in furtherance of which an appropriation of ten thousand dollars has already been made.

The climate of Jacksonville, as indeed of every portion of Florida I have yet visited, is delightful. The mercury during the last week in February has ranged from sixty to seventy-five degrees, and the atmosphere is constantly soft, dry, and delicious. To inhale it, awakens in me a sensation of exquisite pleasure. If I miss the enjoyment of home, and the charm of society, I find the common air a compensation for all I have temporarily resigned. There is seldom chilliness and never dampness or miasma in the atmosphere here; but the sky hangs over the earth with a mildness and a mellowness of aspect which it rarely or never presents at the north. For purity of atmosphere and equality of temperature, I think this locality unsurpassed. A rain storm is almost unknown here, though showers are of frequent occurrence during summer. The winters are characterized by continued dryness, and several months sometimes pass without the falling of rain. I have not seen a cloudy day since my arrival, nor even a dull morning or evening. When one makes an appointment for the morrow, no contingency of weather is to be regarded; and our down-east proviso, "if it is pleasant," is here never necessary.

Of the curative effect of the climate, too much has not been said. Multitudes of northern men are now living in Florida, who otherwise would be occupying graves in their native regions. I have conversed with several robust men, who came into the state with impaired health and prostrate hopes. So marked and immediate has been the improvement in their physical condition, that they have chosen the south as their home and cling to it as their salvation. Of the pulmonary invalids who seek a winter residence here, the majority are benefited.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A GOOD TURN.—An old French writer, more remarkable for originality of thought than for grace of style, was once reproached by a friend with the frequent repetitions to be found in his works. "Name them to me," said the author. The critic, with obliging precision, mentioned all the ideas which had most frequently recurred in the book. "I am satisfied," replied the honest author; "you remember my ideas. I repeated them so often on purpose to prevent you from forgetting them. Without my repetitions, I should never have succeeded."

ROASTING THE KING OF SPAIN.—The only Court Circular story worth hearing was that of the King of Spain, who, as the story goes, was nearly roasted, because there was not time for the prime minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkies to request the housemaid of honor to bring up a pail of water to put his Majesty out.

BORROWING MONEY.—Mr. Temple Stanyan borrowed a sum of money of Addison, with whom he lived in habits of friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time Mr. Stanyan agreed implicitly to every thing Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behavior did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened, one day, that a subject was started on which they had before warmly controverted each other's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defense of his own. Addison was displeased, and said, with considerable emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

HOW DOCTORS ARE MADE.—A certain pedantic gentleman once presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree, and, as is usual on such occasions, the questioning was commenced in Latin, when the following classical wit was exhibited:

Questioner. Quid est creare? (What is it to create?)

Pedant. Ex nihil facere. (To make out of nothing.)

Ques. Ergo, te doctorem creamus! (Therefore, we make you a doctor!)

JOHNSON'S DEFINITIONS.—Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a *garret* as "a room on the highest floor of the house," and a *cock-loft* as "the room over the garret."

LIBERTY.—In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described to be a word of three syllables. The lexicographer did not venture further. That definition should now be restored to the lexicography of France.

ROGER SHERMAN AND JOHN RANDOLPH.—Mr. Sherman was a representative in Congress from Connecticut; his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph rose, and with his usual squeaking

sounds said, "I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington." Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak, "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas!"

THE BASS VIOL AND THE BULL.—Many years ago there was, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D., and although he was an eminently benevolent man and a Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than even the most inveterate joker. It was before church organs were much in use, and it so happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double bass violin. Not far from the church was a large pasture, and in it a huge bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. bull stopped to try the quality, perchance to ascertain if its location had improved its flavor; at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when "Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at the singing-seats, and, with a grave face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service-time; it annoys me very much."

The people started, and the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull again, as he passed another green spot.

The parson paused again, and addressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, as I remarked before, for it annoys me very much."

A BLUNDER OF DR. JOHNSON'S.—To a gentleman who expressed himself in disrespectful terms of Blackmore, one of whose poetic bulls he happened to recollect, Dr. Johnson answered, "I hope, sir, a blunder, after you shall have heard what I shall relate, will not be reckoned as decisive against a poet's reputation. When I was a young man, I translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:

'Down from the guardian boughs the nests they hang,

And killed the yet unanimated young.'

And yet I trust I am no blockhead. I afterward changed the word *killed* into *crushed*."

THE POET-QUOTING LAWYER.—Ardent young men, fresh from the schools, in their early attempts at the bar are very apt to adopt a flowery, bombastic style of language and sentiment. There is, indeed, in multitudes of instances at the bar, a strong temptation to magnify and embellish things essentially trivial beyond all reasonable bounds; and the sanguine young lawyer, especially anxious to make the most powerful effect on the minds of the jury, and

succeed in his first efforts, becomes florid and bombastic before he is aware.

But seldom is such a pleader more sharply dealt with by senior brothers than in the case following:

There was in the town of B., in West Tennessee, a young lawyer, who had studied the poets more than the legal writers of the age, and who availed himself of every opportunity of displaying his poetical acquirements, by quoting from Byron, Milton, Young, and other verse-makers. He was once employed on a criminal case, and, as usual, launched forth in a flowery speech, quoting all the poets, both known and unknown, till he had worked the jury up into such a state of excitement, that they were ready to render their verdict in his favor *instantly*. The state's attorney, who was a very plain, straightforward man, listened quietly to the whole speech, and seemed much pleased with the happy effort of his young opponent. Slowly rising from his seat, after the speech was ended, he said:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—I have, for more than twenty years, practiced in this court, and knew not till my young brother's appearance at the bar that every lawyer had to contribute his share of rhyme, and I beg your kind indulgence of my ignorance of this new style of pleading. I know but one piece of rhyme, and would never have recollected that, had not a friend of mine been wicked enough to perpetrate a parody on it. It was written for a fisherman, and I give it for the benefit of the court, who will please excuse its inappropriateness, as I have nothing better to contribute:

'His pole was made of the sturdy oak,
And his line a cable that never broke;
He baited his hook with tigers' tails,
And sat on a rock, and bobbed for whales.'

"My friend, whose couch was infested with a species of insect which is noted for its biting and skipping propensities, altered it to the following:

'His pole was made of the peacock's feather,
And his line composed of the finest tether;
He baited his hook with mites of cheese,
And sat on his bed to bob for fleas.'"

This burlesque was received with roars of laughter, and the discomfited young lawyer retired, having the mortification of hearing a verdict rendered against his client.

THE AGE OF STEAM.—Tom Hood, the wit, satirist, and poet, thus discourses upon steam:

"I wish I lived a Thowseen year Ago
Working for Sober six and seven millers
And duple Stages runnen safe and sio
The Orsis cum in them days to the bilers
But Now by means of powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettles
The Bilers seem a cumming to the Orsis
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wonder How we be to Liv
When Sutch a change of Orsis is our Faits
No nothiack need Be sited in a Siv
May them Blowd engins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Ostlers crib the Coles and Giv
Their Blackguard Hannimals a Feed of Slates!"

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up Drew's Essay on Souls, which was knocked down to a shoemaker, who very inno-

cently, but to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer if "he had any more works on shoemaking to sell."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"—In the course of his luminous argument in the senate, Mr. Clay, addressing the ultras, cried out with the voice of a Stentor, "What do you want?" A tight little Irishman, who was making some noise while trying to escape from the crush near the gallery door inside, replied quite audibly, supposing that he was personally addressed, "I want to get out."

A SATIRE ON MR. BURKE.—After Burke had finished that extraordinary speech against Hastings, a friend of the latter wrote the following impromptu, which to our mind can hardly be surpassed:

"Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
No venomous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stands revealed in nature's work—
She saved her venom TO CREATE A BURKE!"

SHERIDAN AND THE MAIDEN LADY.—Sheridan never was without a reason, never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterward, however, intercepted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it is cleared up I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two."

PRODIGAL SON ILLUSTRATED.—In Wierix's Bible, 1594, is an illustration of the parable of the prodigal son, from Luke xv: "And there wasted his substance with riotous living." It represents the prodigal, after his money is spent, running away from a woman, who beats him down the steps of a tavern with her shoes, and is assisted in the assault by two men. A dog on the steps is barking at him, and a dwarf, dressed like a court-fool, having dropped his mace, mocks him, by placing the thumb of his right hand upon the end of his nose, and on the little finger of that the thumb of his left hand, spreading the fingers as far as possible.

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED."—Mr. Pye, who was made poet-laureate at the beginning of this century, was a man of great learning, and much was, therefore, expected of him. His first ode was on the king's birth, and it was distinguished for nothing but its frequent allusions to *vocal groves* and *feathered choir*. George Stevens, a facetious wit of the times, read it, and immediately exclaimed:

"And when the Pye was opened
The birds began to sing,
And wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king!"

BURNING CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.—A large party are invited to dinner, a great display is to be made; and about an hour before dinner there is an alarm that the kitchen chimney is on fire. It is impossible to put off the distinguished persons who are expected. It gets very late for the soup and fish; the cook is frantic; all eyes are turned upon the sable consolation of the master chimney-sweeper; and up into the midst of the burning chimney is sent one of the miserable little infants of the brush! There is a

positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties in one of the acts of Parliament which respect chimney-sweepers. But what matters acts of Parliament, when the pleasures of genteel people are concerned? Or what is a roasted child, compared to the agonies of the mistress of the house with a deranged dinner?—*Sydney Smith*.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.—*Swift*.

FASTIDIOUS TASTES.—A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite: the one has its origin in some disease of the mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.—*The Doctor*.

"PROUD FLESH."—John G. Saxe, the poet, wit, and moralist, makes the following decided hit at a proud flesh:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes,
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation."

JOHNSON AND THE LITERARY BORE.—Bores—immeasurable bores—are literary men when they insist on reading their manuscripts to their friends. On these occasions their pertinacity—their awful de-

termination to bring about a first reading—perhaps the first and the last ever to be obtained by the work—is almost incredible. Johnson must have suffered deeply from this species of bore, when, on observing what a showman would call "a literary man of the period" slowly and insidiously producing a manuscript, the lexicographer jumped up, and with a shout which sent Boswell quaking into a corner, roared, "At your peril, sir, at your peril!"

HAYDN AND THE MUSIC-SELLER.—Haydn used to relate, with much pleasure, a dispute which he had with a music-seller in London. Amusing himself one morning, after the English fashion, in shopping, he inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music. "Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Hadyn's." "O," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that." "How, sir; you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! and pray what fault have you to find with it?" "O, plenty; but it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you;" and turned his back upon him. As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humor, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop, "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music." The Englishman laughed; an explanation satisfied the music-seller.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The public are already apprised of the noble offer of W. Sturges, Esq., an Old School Presbyterian, of Zanesville, O., to furnish ten thousand dollars as a nucleus for a library for the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, on condition that the Methodists of Ohio will raise fifteen thousand dollars in cash before the 1st of June, 1853, to put up a building to contain it. The time was subsequently extended, as we are informed, to June 10th; and from facts within our knowledge at the time of writing this, we are assured that the fifteen thousand dollars will be promptly raised. This noble benefaction will give to the University a still more commanding position. In fact, it is already one of the best-endowed colleges in the Church.

METHODIST TRACT SOCIETY—CHEAP BOOKS.—The selections of books for our tract list are excellent, and they are sold at prices at which the greatest stickler for "cheap literature" can not grumble. The following is the list of books already published, together with the ordinary and the tract prices:

Carvoso.....	18mo.	32 cts.,	formerly 45 cts.
Successful Merchant.....	18mo.	40 cts.,	" 60 cts.
Pilgrim's Progress.....	18mo.	35 cts.,	" 50 cts.
Hester Ann Rogers.....	18mo.	25 cts.,	" 35 cts.
Father Reeves.....	18mo.	20 cts.	
Porter on Revivals.....	16mo.	35 cts.,	" 50 cts.
Watson's Life of Wesley.....	12mo.	35 cts.,	" 50 cts.

Other works are in preparation. A discount of twelve

per cent. on these very low prices is allowed to wholesale purchasers. The publishers say, that while the price is reduced, the execution of the work is improved. The type and paper is as good as heretofore, and the binding decidedly more tasteful. Let the Church now show that it appreciates this effort to meet its urgent call for cheap books.

SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION OF BRITISH INDIA.—In the British possessions in India, containing 94,500,000 inhabitants, are 337 missionaries—which is the same as if Massachusetts had only three ministers of the Gospel, or New York city two only. In the states tributary to Great Britain are 40,500,000 inhabitants, with only two missionaries—which is the same as if there was only one minister of the Gospel to the whole United States. And yet all these regions are open for the Church to go up and take possession of them for their Redeemer. When will it awake to its duty and its privilege?

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.—The following paragraph, which we found in the New Orleans Christian Advocate, is worthy of the attention of the Christian parent: "While the yellow-covered pamphlets contain deadly poison, wreathed with flowers—while the secular magazines sicken by their love stories, which compose about two-thirds of their matter—while infidelity boldly promulgates through the press doctrines which lead to evil, and only evil—while many are

not reached by the preached word, let us make a mighty engine of usefulness the sanctified press of our Church. While our religious periodicals give all the news worthy of a perusal and retention in the mind, and contain no masked infidelity, no stories that would vitiate the hearts of the young, and familiarize the mind with views of crime, parents, is it not your duty to take those whose aim is the greatest good to the greatest number, and whose pages would never cause you to fear for the moral, social, and eternal welfare of your sons and your daughters?"

THE PERIODICAL AND NEWSPAPER PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The following computation of the number of periodical and newspaper issues in the United States, with their total annual circulation, is probably not far from correct:

	No.	Circulation.	No. of copies printed annually.
Dailies.....	350.....	750,000.....	235,000,000
Tri-Weeklies.....	150.....	75,000.....	11,700,000
Semi-Weeklies.....	125.....	80,000.....	9,320,000
Weeklies.....	2,000.....	2,875,000.....	149,500,000
Semi-Monthlies.....	50.....	300,000.....	7,200,000
Monthlies.....	100.....	900,000.....	10,800,000
Quarterlies.....	25.....	20,000.....	80,000
Total.....	2,800.....	5,000,000.....	423,600,000

VICTOR COUSIN.—This eminent metaphysician, having been turned out of his professorship, has left metaphysics, and engaged in historical literature. His first book in this line is a memoir of Madame de Longueville—celebrated for her beauty, her talents, and the important part she played in the political events of her time. The work is said to be characterized by all that clearness of thought and felicity of style for which its author has been long celebrated.

AGASSIZ AND HUMBOLDT.—The following incident, which is related on good authority, is alike creditable to both of these distinguished men:

When Agassiz first came to this country, he was under the direction of Baron Humboldt, to whom he was largely indebted for aid in his pursuits, and, though desirous of remaining here, he felt bound to return to Europe. Having received the offer of the Lawrence Professorship at Cambridge, he declined it on this account; but, in writing to his patron, he mentioned this fact, and at the same time expressed a desire to remain longer in the United States. The reply of the noble man was: "Sir, you belong to no country—you belong to *Science*; that is your country. You are released from any obligation to us; if you find the field of science furnishes you a better opportunity for your labors in the United States, you must remain there."

A TOUCHING SCENE.—The Rev. Mr. Barlow, of the Episcopal Church, recently died at Chicago. The Chicago Tribune says, that a "scene of the most touching interest occurred around the bed of death, a few minutes before Mr. Barlow breathed his last. His daughter was to have been married the next Wednesday evening; but, feeling his end to be near, he expressed a wish that the ceremony should be performed at once, and his request was complied with, though he was so far on his solemn journey as to be unconscious of what was going on before him. Ten minutes afterward his closed eyes opened in the light

of another and brighter life. Thus were brought together the two most heart-touching events of life—death and the bridal. On the one hand, the opening and sublime realities of the life that has no end; on the other, the most joyous anticipations that can brighten the future of our existence on earth."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Amos Lawrence, the philanthropist, petitioned the government of Boston to enforce the liquor law; his brother, Abbott Lawrence, the politician, petitions the Legislature to repeal it.

THE MORMONS.—Little did the Rev. Solomon Spalding, when he composed his imaginary history, called the "Manuscript Found," in Cherry Valley, state of New York, think to what ends that fiction would grow. Little did he think that in after years it would be seized by an ignorant and truthless drunkard; proclaimed to have been engraven on golden plates; become the Scripture of a new and numerous sect; in thirty years trail three hundred thousand zealots in its wake; count its worshipers in England, Germany, Sweden, in the mountain fastnesses of Wales, in Normandy, the East Indies, and the Sandwich Isles; and found a great city and state in that territory which at the time he wrote the foot of white man had never trod.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—This city is now supposed to contain nearly fifty thousand inhabitants. It is three miles in breadth by four in length. Its streets are regularly diagramed, each eight rods wide, with sidewalks of twenty feet. A living stream is made to flow along the gutters of every street, contributing to its cleanliness and health, and its numerous gardens that abound on almost every square. School-houses are established, and are said to be well supplied with teachers. On a mountain terrace overlooking the city is the site of a contemplated university; while all the energies and resources of the people are soon to be actively engaged in the erection of a temple, that, in magnificence and extent, is to surpass every other the world has ever known. Agriculture and every variety of the mechanical arts are said to flourish. So much—and we hope it is all true—for a sect whose founder was a knave and a drunkard, and whose Bible was a theft, and whose component elements are fanaticism and knavery. How long these two elements can be compacted by the force of external circumstances, so as to play in harmony, remains to be seen; but, as a whole, Mormonism presents a curious problem for the study of the philosophic world.

SPECULATION, OPULENCE, BEGGARY.—A "Wall-Street Journal" thus discourses: "Real estate rising daily, the poor man becoming poorer, and the rich one gloating over rising rents and an increased price for those articles necessary to life. This is called a prosperous and healthy state of things. Never in our life have we seen beggars so staring us in the face on each corner—our streets swarm with them; while our public thoroughfares are crowded with carriages and finery bought with paper; our fashionables squandering paper on those who want it least; houses built for princes rather than republicans; extravagance rampant; city railroads sold by a venal, corrupt, and so self-admitted corporation, composed

of the worst class of our citizens—a government whose imbecility is portrayed by the press, both friend and foe; millions on millions of credit piled up; indebtedness abroad daily increasing; exchange above the specie point; falsehood in every financial press, with few exceptions; our imports exceeding by millions our exports; and still we are sometimes asked, why are you a bear? While admitting, for we see it daily before us, the growing wealth of our country, the increased receipts of our great railroad lines—we know its noble destiny—we also know the base of the fabric is paper; the architect, the mob; the structure, artificial. It is hard to oppose the current—a dead fish can not; but we, being alive, trout-like, will attempt to swim up stream."

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF CINCINNATI.—From a discourse delivered by Rev. Dr. Fisher, and reported in the Christian World, we learn that the population of the city proper is over 160,000, and of the suburbs over 25,000, making a population of nearly 200,000 souls, or almost as many as New York had twenty-five years ago. For this population there are only fifty-five evangelical churches, or one for every 3,600 persons. On the other hand, there are more than twenty decidedly anti-evangelical churches—some of them among the largest in the city. The Catholic population amounts to 40,000. Infidelity among the foreign population is organized into associations, and holds regular meetings. In 1840 there were here 46,000 people; in 1850, 116,000; in 1853, over 160,000. At this rate, in 1860, only seven years hence, we shall number 300,000!

THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, CINCINNATI.—This noble institution, which is an honor to the west as well as to Methodism, is enjoying a high degree of prosperity. A successful effort has recently been made to liquidate its debt by raising ten thousand dollars. Rev. George W. Walker has been acting as its principal agent in the effort.

MONTGOMERY.—The poet Montgomery, now in his eighty-first year, has made a collection of his hymns, many of which have been mutilated and altered by the compilers of manuals for public worship. He has left them now in the form in which he wishes them to appear and go down to posterity. Sad work has been made by the emendators with some of the most beautiful hymns in our language. We are glad that one poet who has written so many hymns that are entwined with the memory of every English-speaking Christian's heart has lived to collect his effusions, and restore them to the form which satisfies the good taste and Christian feelings of the venerable author.

"BROKEN TO THE TRACES."—Read the following from O. A. Brownson's Review, and see how completely he is broken to the traces: "I am, I very well know, a layman, and write on religious and theological subjects, *which no layman has a right of himself to do; but I never publish an article without submitting it first to my bishop. I do not presume, of myself, to teach.*" Again: "I have only censured what bishops and professional theologians bid me censure, and I am only responsible for the manner in which I have done what they instructed me to do."

Very humble, as Uriah Heath would say; very con-

temptible, as an honorable, right-minded man would say.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S BIBLE CONVENTION.—Andrew Jackson Davis and others propose to hold a convention in Hartford, on the 2d day of June, to investigate the origin, authority, and influence of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. The conclusion to be arrived at will no doubt be highly important, Davis being so erudite and profound a theologian.

The New York Times, speaking of the convention, says, "No damage will result from such a parliament of spiritual quacks, beyond the shame to which the members will be exposed. The gentlemen who will probably be there, have each, in a small way, done their part in libeling the good book."

PULZSKY'S OPINION OF THE HERALD AND TRIBUNE.—The New York Herald is a paper conducted with surprising tact; it has no principles whatever; it takes up and ridicules every question according to its whims, without any scruple; it has but one aim, to increase its circulation, to create excitement, to spread scandals, to make money.

The New York Tribune is in every respect a contrast to the Herald. While in polemics the weapons of the Herald are the poison of calumny, and the dagger of treachery, the Tribune is armed with a club that knocks down his adversaries with rough blows.

GREECE—ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.—The Rev. Dr. Peck, Foreign Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Society, writes concerning modern Greece: "The changes which have taken place within less than a quarter of a century are not less creditable than surprising. Greece, delivered from Turkish oppression, rose from the very ashes. Athens, then without a dwelling, the scene of ruin which hadwhelmed ancient and modern structures alike, is now a well-built city, with numerous costly edifices, public and private, and a population of 25,000. Piræus, its port, has an additional population of four or five thousand. Besides its palace and other edifices for Government purposes, Athens has a magnificent university, with five hundred students, and a still more magnificent female seminary, endowed most amply by private munificence. The population of all Greece is about the same as that of Massachusetts—not far from 1,000,000. There are in Greece three hundred schools and thirty thousand pupils. In Athens one person in every five is engaged in study, and the proportion is nearly as large in Syria. The schools of Athens and Syria are signs of the new life of Greece." The impulse is felt in the remotest valleys of the kingdom, and the coming generation, so far, at least, as regards elementary teaching, will be an educated people."

FAMILY AND SOCIAL MELODIES.—Carlton & Phillips have now in course of publication a work bearing the above title. It is a choice collection of tunes and hymns for family devotion. Rev. W. C. Hoyt has been engaged in its preparation for more than two years. It could not have fallen into better hands, and we have no doubt it will be admirably adapted to supply a want that now exists in the Church. The same author is also preparing a work adapted to family morning devotions.

New Books.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Ten Volumes, 12mo. 75 cents per volume.*—This splendid work has been some time on our table, and we have sought to give it a somewhat careful and extended examination. Our conclusion is, that it is the best, the very best history of Greece in the English language. We would not detract from the merit of other histories of Greece—some of them are well known and deservedly popular. Gillies's stands well among these histories; but every student in ancient history must feel that there is a lack of insight into the real life and spirit of the times it delineates; also a lack of power and keenness in historical criticism; and then again the style is rather ambitious. To Mitford is conceded great research; but he is not always most happy in the blending of his materials, and, to crown the whole, his sympathies in reference to civil government are not what an author's should be who undertakes Grecian history; nor can we claim much for his style. Thirlwall's history is an advance upon Mitford and Gillies; but the work of Grote is a still further advance. It is characterized by patient research, profound scholarship, a clear and discriminating judgment, as well as a wide compass of thought. His sympathies are evidently in the right direction in relation to popular liberty and civil government. His criticisms are manly and dignified; and on many topics—such, for instance, as the "Homeric Poems"—he seems to us to throw new and valuable light. We opine that so far as a standard history of Greece is concerned, the gleaner who shall come after will find but few stalks that have escaped the sharp sickle of the reaper that has gone before. Volume one and half of volume two are devoted to "Legendary Greece," and the remaining portion to "Historical Greece." For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

THE SHADY SIDE; or, *Life in a Country Parsonage. By a Pastor's Wife. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. 849 pp.* For sale by Truman & Spafford, Cincinnati.—This is a graphic and irresistible tale, somewhat after the pattern of "Sunny Side," and much more appropriately named. Its artistical structure is happily conceived, and its delineation of events and characters executed with the skillful and polished hand of a master, or, rather, mistress. It is a book that will unseal the fountains of the heart, and cause its gushing streams to flow. We would much rather regard it as a fiction than as having any foundation in fact; but this we are not permitted to do, as the preface informs us that substantially we have here "the literal, unvarnished incidents of veritable history." The Lord have mercy upon the three or four congregations to whom it was the evil fortune of the Rev. Mr. Vernon to minister! We have heard of hardship and despicably mean treatment suffered by Methodist ministers, but never any thing equal to this. And the authoress might well have spared herself the trouble of sending the meanest of the members of these Churches to the Methodists, and sent them to the devil at once. In "Shady Side,"

and also in "Sunny Side," there is an unavailing of evils in pastoral life among the Congregationalists in New England of whose existence we had no suspicion. The pictures may be tinged with too deep a shade; but the exposure will work good; and many a Church will see the reflection of its own image in that of Millville and Olney, and many a narrow-minded, niggardly old Pharisee will find himself mirrored in the character of an Esquire Eaton and a Deacon Hyde. Let this book be widely circulated, let it be read by Christian men and women, and they will sympathize more deeply with the trials and sorrows of those called of God to minister to them in spiritual things.

THE HIGHER LAW IN ITS RELATIONS TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT. *By William Hooser. Auburn, N. Y.: Derby & Miller. 12mo. 204 pp. 50 cents.*—The theory maintained in this book is, that a "higher law"—namely, the law of God—exists and is developed by the natural constitution of things, by the course of providence, and by revelation; that this law is supreme in its authority, holy, wise, and benevolent in its character and practical workings; that civil government or law is a subordinate agency in carrying out the designs of the great Lawgiver, and, therefore, can not release man from his responsibility to God. He argues that God "has not delegated his authority so as to sanction an infringement of his own immaculate government." If it were otherwise, human laws might annul the moral code of the Bible; establish incest, polygamy, and robbery; demolish the worship of the God of heaven, and establish that of so-called "reason," or even the Bacchanalian or bloody orgies of heathenism; and all citizens would be bound to obey, not only at the peril of civil pains and penalties, but even at the peril of the soul. How a theory like this last, so utterly repugnant to Christianity in its fundamental principles, and so preposterous in its logical conclusions, could ever have found the least toleration among a professedly Christian people, we are at a loss to divine. We can readily conceive of differences of opinion as to the application and use of the "higher law"—as, for instance, its application to slavery and to the Fugitive-Slave law—but that which rejects the principle of the thing is practical atheism. The "higher law" may even be made a cloak for designing knavery, or be abused to purposes of the wildest fanaticism; but its abuse affords no argument against its authority, any more than the abuse of power vested in civil government by those appointed to administer it can counterveil its rightful authority. The main positions of Mr. Hooser, in all that is germane to the subject, we believe to be eminently sound and conservative. They are certainly reasoned with great force and conclusiveness. Only eighty-five pages of the work are devoted to the discussion of the general subject, the remaining portions being devoted to the discussion of "the higher law" in its applications to "slavery" and "the Fugitive-Slave law," etc. The opinions of the author on these

subjects are well known in the Church, and, indeed, throughout the country, as he has become, in some sort, a "representative man" in the great antislavery movement of the age. Here we should be compelled to dissent from some of the author's positions, or, it may be, to give a specific limitation to propositions which he states in broad and general terms. But we have already devoted more than our usual space to this book; and the sea before us is too broad, and withal too stormy, for us to launch out upon.

WORKS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. *Volumes III and IV.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. Pp. 751, 488. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.—The third volume of this standard and superb edition of Coleridge contains the *BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA*, and also a *BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT*, by the late H. N. Coleridge. The *Biographia Literaria* is one of the most interesting, profound, and finished works that proceeded from the pen of its great author. It enters almost every domain of science, politics, polite literature, philosophy, and religion, and exhibits the most mature thoughts and reflections of the author. High as we estimate the *Friend*, we can not but regard this as the master-piece of Coleridge. Volume four embodies Coleridge's Lectures upon Shakespeare and some of the old poets and dramatists, and constitutes the "literary remains" of the author. To every one desirous of becoming acquainted with Coleridge, we say, get Harper's edition.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS; a Domestic Tale, illustrating the Peculiar Doctrines held by the Disciples of George Fox. By Mrs. J. R. Greer. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. 340 pp. 75 cents. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—This is another of those telling books in which the discussion of the most grave subjects, relating to the denominational peculiarities of the Quakers, is clothed in the fascinating drapery of fictitious narrative. Few will begin the book without reading it through.

FORMATION OF A MANLY CHARACTER. *A Series of Lectures to Young Men.* By George Peck, D. D. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 16mo. 304 pp. 50 cents.—This volume is somewhat unique in its topical construction, but is none the less adapted to be instructive and useful to the class of persons for whose benefit it is especially designed. It treats of Physical, Intellectual, Emotional, Volitive, Social, Civil, and Moral and Religious Manhood; also, of True Manhood the Want of the Times, and the Man for the Times. And throughout the work is characterized by sound and manly views, clear and cogent arguments. For sale by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati; also by W. M. Doughty, Chicago.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. 411 pp. \$1.—This is a year-book of facts, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in the wide range of art and science; containing also a list of recent scientific publications, of patents, obituaries of eminent scientific men, and also notes on the progress of science during the year 1852. The work not only marks the progress of scientific knowledge, but will of itself accelerate that progress. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

THE SPIRITUAL-RAPPINGS, ETC., EXPOSED. By Rev. James Porter, A. M. Boston: George C. Rand. Pamphlet. 64 pp.—The so-called spirit-rappers and rappings get some very decided raps in this sturdy pamphlet. The immense overlaying of downright knavery and humbuggery connected with the mysterious scientific agencies that may be at work in this matter, is ably and thoroughly exposed by the author. That certain unexplained phenomena may have been manifested we need not question. They are subjects of philosophical scrutiny, and may yet open to the inquiring mind a new scientific domain. We think, in taking this view of the subject, Mr. Porter has displayed much more judgment and sense than those who refer the whole phenomena to diabolic agency, or than those who would account for the "rappings," "movings," etc., upon the hypothesis of delicate machinery and sleight of hand. For sale by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.

THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH; or, a Visit to a Religious Skeptic. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo. 452 pp. \$1.—We have rarely laid our hands upon a book which we have read with so intense an interest as this. The scene is well laid, the *dramatis personæ* well chosen, and the whole plan executed with extraordinary skill and power. The author is not only possessed of a keen, discriminating, and severely logical mind, but a familiarity with all the phases, cavils, and subterfuges of skepticism. With the keenness of a hawk and the strength of a lion, he pounces upon the party-colored systems of rationalism and spiritualism, and behind him only the merest tatters of them remain. The logical absurdities of Strauss, Newman, and Parker—the great champions of infidelity—are exposed with such unrelenting coolness that even our sympathies are excited in their behalf. What Butler's Analogy did for a former age, we believe the *Eclipse of Faith*, to a very great extent, is destined to do for this. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By P. C. Headley. Auburn: Derby & Miller. Illustrated. 12mo. 284 pp. \$1.—This volume contains historical and descriptive sketches of the women of the Bible, from mother Eve down to the Marthas and Marys of the New Testament. It is an exceedingly attractive volume. Its descriptions are picturesque and its characters lifelike. Every young lady ought to read and study these portraits; the reading would do her infinitely more good than that of any work of fiction. It would give fresh vigor to the mind, fresh fragrance to the heart. The numerous illustrations, we believe, are from original designs, and are executed with excellent taste. This book is gotten up in good style; and cheap as it is, it will not discredit the most superb center-table.

PURE GOLD; or, Truth in its Native Loveliness. By Rev. David Holmes, A. M. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 12mo. 282 pp. \$1.—The object of the author in this volume has been to give a clear and concise delineation of the first principles of religious truth. Whatever was abstruse or profound in the nature of the subjects discussed, the author has sought to simplify and bring within the comprehension of the common reader. The harmony of the elements

and principles of Christian faith is also placed in clear and strong light. It is a vigorous and manly production—one that will not fail to serve as an antidote to the "wishy-washy" sentimentalities so rife in the present day, and by many made to usurp the place of sound doctrine.

LIFE OF DR. CHALMERS. Edited by Professor Moffat. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson & Co. 12mo. 435 pp. \$1.25.—This is, in fact, a condensation of the voluminous work of Dr. Hanna. It brings the deeply interesting career of that eminent man of God within the reach of every one who has a desire to become acquainted with it. Professor Moffat has performed his task with great care and skill, and with good success. The work is as beautiful a specimen of typography and of mechanical execution throughout, as we have seen for a long time. Without the least reservation, we heartily recommend this memoir of the great Scottish divine, and bespeak for it a wide circulation.

LETTERS TO SCHOOL GIRLS. By Rev. J. M'D. Mathews. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Pe. 18mo. 247 pp. 45 cents.—This is a well-written series of letters or essays to school girls. They embrace a wide range of topics—each one of which is discussed with special reference to the class designed to be benefited by the work. As a companion for the school girl, we do not know of its equal among the literary productions of the age. Let Christian parents put it into the hands of their daughters, and have them thoroughly read and digest it, and it will do them incalculable good.

THE NORTHERN HARP; containing Songs from the St. Lawrence and Forest Melodies. By Mrs. M. A. Bigelow. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 18mo. 400 pp. 75 cents.—This volume is from the pen and heart of one of the well-known contributors of the Ladies' Repository. It contains many specimens of beautiful versification, and throughout breathes a pure and elevated spirit. The volume will be a delightful companion—one of genial influence—in every Christian family. The significance of the following stanzas will be readily perceived:

TWO ROSES.

"The roses that you gave me, dear,
I twined their stems together;
And laid them in their beauty here,
And loveliness, to wither.
And thus, methinks, like them, like them,
These close-link'd hearts of ours
Will twine, till, as life's day grows dim,
We wither like the flowers."

Mrs. Bigelow is the wife of a Methodist preacher, a member of the Black River conference. We are glad to see so many of our preachers' wives devoted to literary pursuits and evincing literary talent. We are indebted to them largely for contributions to the columns of the Ladies' Repository.

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA; a Personal Narrative. By Benjamin Franklin Bourne. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. 233 pp. 75 cents.—This is a narrative of some three months captivity among the Patagonians. It is written in simple, clear, straightforward style, and gives much insight into the character, habits, and condition of the Patagonians.

The most skillfully planned fiction could not exceed it in attractive interest. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., 28 West Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. 288 pp.—This is an admirable outline history of England, volume one bringing the history from "the ancient times" down to Henry V. We don't mean by "outline" that it is a mere skeleton of dates and facts. On the other hand, it has the fascination and lifelike drapery of personal narrative; and its style is so simple and flowing that the young will not fail to find it a congenial book. It is admirably adapted to beget an interest in history and form a taste for its study in the minds of children; nor will it fail to repay a perusal on the part of older persons. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE BIBLE. By George Gilfillan. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 12mo. 325 pp. \$1.—This is decidedly the best edition—in all the mechanical essentials of a good book—that has been published in this country. Some one has pronounced Gilfillan "a quack of the first water;" and if success is to be regarded as an evidence of quackery and the measure of its degree, as some suppose, then certainly is the author a great quack; for few authors have met with so large a share of public favor. The style of Gilfillan is certainly open to criticism; it is strongly marked by the idiosyncrasies of the man; but his writings possess sterling value; they will be read, admired, and do good; they will also *live*.

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: John P. Jewett; Cleveland: Jewett, Proctor & Worthington; and for sale by Applegate & Co., Cincinnati.—This long-expected work—presenting the original facts and documents upon which the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was founded, together with corroborative statements verifying the truth of the basis of that work—has just been laid upon our table by Jewett, Proctor & Worthington, the western publishers. It is destined to make a great sensation, and bids fair to rival Uncle Tom itself in the immensity of its circulation. The facts embodied in this book are numerous and of an appalling character. We could hope, for the sake of humanity, that many of them were something other than facts; but too many of them bear the unmistakable impress of truth. We do not say that this work will fully meet the expectation of the public; for that expectation has been highly excited, and the fascinating drapery of fiction is not here; but we do say that it is a book that will not be easily laid aside till its contents have been surveyed.

EARLEWOOD; or, Lights and Shadows of the Anglican Church. By Charlotte Anley. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. 314 pp. 75 cents. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—The lines of demarkation between "High Church" and "Low Church," as those terms are applied to the Church of England and to the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, are very clearly drawn in this volume, and also the struggles, tendencies, and effects of each. The volume belongs to the class of "Sunny Side" and "Shady Side;" and so far as the plot, spirit, and style are concerned, it is not inferior to either.

LIFE AND TIMES OF REV. ALLEN WILEY, A. M. By Rev. F. C. Holliday, A. M.—This is a neat duodecimo volume of two hundred and ninety-one pages, containing sketches of early Methodist preachers in Indiana, and notices of the introduction and progress of Methodism in the state, together with original letters by Wiley himself, entitled, "A Help to the Performance of Ministerial Duties." Methodism has probably as strong a hold on the people of Indiana as on the people of any other state of the Union, and among those who were the first planters of it there Allen Wiley occupies a distinct and prominent position. He was a man of no ordinary skill or energy, and he labored with a zeal according to knowledge in the midst of his Master's vineyard. We thank brother Holliday, in behalf of the religious, and especially the Methodist public, for having furnished us, in preservable shape, the records of the rise, progress, and the effects of the work of itinerancy in our sister state. We anticipate for his work an extensive sale. Its merits entitle it to this, and we hope to see large orders for it forwarded. Published by Swormstedt & Poe. Price, sixty cents.

MEMOIRS OF THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF WASHINGTON. By Margaret C. Conkling. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 16mo. 248 pp. 75 cents.—The names of Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife, of Washington are indissolubly wedded to American history; and even independently of that, they may be regarded as model women. A noble theme, then, did they furnish for the pen of an American lady, thor-

oughly imbued with the love of country. Miss Conkling has executed her delicate, and, in some respects, difficult task in an admirable manner, and we commend her production to the daughters of America. There is a refinement and delicacy in the style, a distinctness of delineation, and a hearty sympathy with the theme, that gives to these biographies a peculiar interest. The work is got up in the most attractive style of its enterprising publishers.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Professor S. M. Vail. 12mo. 288 pp. Boston: J. P. Magee; and sold by Methodist Booksellers generally.—This is a thorough discussion of the question of theological education, and an earnest plea for it in the Methodist Episcopal Church. We shall examine it more fully hereafter.

PAMPHLETS.—1. *Common Schools Unsectarian*, is the title of a timely and excellent discourse delivered in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Ann Arbor, Mich., by Rev. E. O. Haven, Professor in the University of Michigan. 2. *An Anniversary Discourse*, delivered before the Missionary Society of the Methodist General Biblical Institute, at Concord, N. H., by Rev. Wm. Butler. The motto of this discourse is, "Thy kingdom come;" and it is a pregnant and stirring discourse upon the subject of Christian missions. The Puritan Recorder says of it, "It augurs well for the denomination, that they can send forth discourses so evangelical in spirit, and so rich in well-matured and well-digested thought." Published by G. C. Rand, Boston.

Periodicals.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, contains: 1. Eclipse of Faith, by Dr. Floy. 2. Port-Royal. 3. Vestiges of Civilization. 4. Geographical and Statistical Science. 5. McCulloh on the Scriptures, by T. E. Bond, jun., M. D. 6. Japan and the Japanese, by Rev. T. F. R. Mercein. 7. Exegesis of Hebrews ii, 16, by Dr. N. Rounds. 8. Short Reviews and Notices of Books. 9. Religious and Literary Intelligence. This is an unusually excellent number of that ably conducted publication. The following scrap from Dr. Bond's able article is eminently suggestive:

"We think we see three stages of declension manifested in choirs, organs, and Gothic churches. They mark the successive transfers of the kingdom of God from within to without us—the regular stages of progression in a scheme of piety by substitution. Praise by proxy, solemnity by mechanics, and an outward temple of stone for the inward temple of the Holy Ghost, these are the tendencies of this carnal generation. Even Methodism is infected with this evil spirit of sensualism. Alas, for us! we have to a great extent abandoned the beautiful and spiritual melodies, the heart-music of former days, with which the early Methodists sang the Gospel throughout the land, making hills and valleys echo with the name of Jesus. Since we have been deprived of the privilege of praising God in the congregations of

his people, the memory of the olden time 'is sweet and mournful to our soul.'"

CATALOGUES.—1. *Amenia Seminary*—Rev. J. B. Beach, A. M., Principal, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students: males, 182; females, 124—total, 306. 2. *Flushing Female Seminary*—Rev. Wm. H. Gilder, A. M., Principal, assisted by eleven teachers. Number of students, 120. 3. *Providence Conference Seminary*—Rev. Robert Allyn, A. M., Principal, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students: males, 217; females, 104—total, 321. 4. *Newbury Female Collegiate Institute*—Rev. Jos. E. King, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students: graduates, 24; seniors, 31; middle class, 27; junior class, 23.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for April, is a number of more than usual interest, the literary predominating over the political in the articles, and there being more of the narrative than the didactic. The opening article on Temperance and Teetotal Societies, though not such an article as we American temperance men could wholly indorse, has, nevertheless, numerous excellent suggestions. The last paper but one in the number, entitled "Twenty Years in the Philippine Islands," is full of exciting interest. The Indians there climb trees like baboons or monkeys, and do their fighting with poisoned arrows.

Editor's Table.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We have a word to say in relation to our engravings. Arrangements are in progress by which we hope to secure a series of engravings of superior order for the Repository, embracing a large variety of views of American scenery, as well as fancy sketches. We are not yet prepared to yield to the wood-cut mania of the present day, and really think that splendid steel engravings are better adapted to a ladies' magazine than the dashing "cuts" that illustrate the pages of other magazines. Again, our engravings are all original. We do not treat our patrons to second-hand engravings, though we might avoid considerable expense by doing it. Thousands of our readers will, we doubt not, greet with a glad smile the phiz of our talented and popular predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Tefft. The engraving has been waiting some little time to find a place in the Repository, and during that time the Doctor has very decidedly improved in his general *embonpoint*, and also the coronal of "glory" has been gathering rather rapidly upon his brow. But it presents him as he was when he tied the "Shoulder-Knot" in the sanctum of the Repository. Our landscape view—"Rocky Lake"—forms an excellent accompaniment to the portrait.

CORRECTION.—We give place to the following note from Bishop Morris addressed to the Editor. By some means the error, which quite perverts the meaning intended, escaped our attention, and also that of the author in the proof-reading:

"DEAR BROTHER,—In the Ladies' Repository of April, article 'Hints to Young Men,' one small mistake escaped notice, which destroys the sense of a paragraph. In the phrase, 'His elocution was more after the model of Cicero and Demosthenes,' read *than* for *and*. The present reading destroys the intended contrast, and confounds things which are distinct. Please correct, and oblige,

"Yours, very truly,

T. A. MORRIS."

With reference to our contributors, as we can not furnish them the proofs of their articles, we give special attention to them ourselves, but shall always most cordially correct any essential error that may escape our notice. In our own scribbles, especially in the Editor's Table, several minor errors have occurred, resulting most generally from the cutting and carving to which that "table" is subjected to adjust it to the corner in which it is designed to stand, but sometimes from the fact that we have to do things in a hurry. These errors we think it not worth our while to turn back to correct. Our readers must correct for themselves.

REJECTED ARTICLES.—One of the most disagreeable duties to which an editor is subject is that of declining articles which, with great kindness and no little anxiety, have been prepared for publication. Now, fair reader, who may be so unfortunate as to find your article in the "black list," don't pout, or fret, or say hard things about the poor editor. If convinced that writing is not your sphere, "turn your hand to something else;" but if not yet con-

vinced, "try again." "Niagara" has some good points; but we must decline it. None but a master-hand should essay this theme, and even then could scarcely hope to attract attention. Our own notes fell so far below the theme that we never could bring ourselves up to the point of publishing them. A sketch of "the Young Itinerant" was unaccompanied by the name of the author; and for this reason, were there no other, could not be published. The Christian Advocate and Journal or Northern Advocate would be the proper place for this tribute to the memory of a gifted and promising young minister, who died

"As dies the Christian, with his armor on."

We take the closing sentence: "How many are willing to brave a long life of severe conflict that their memories may not perish with themselves—that they may hear, though it may be but one blast from the 'silver trumpet of Fame;' but

"What are all

The trumpeting of proud humanity,
To the short history of him who made
His sepulcher beside the King of kings?"

"A Tribute of Gratitude to Sabbath School Influence," we should be glad to publish. It is a delightful theme, and the composition evinces a strength of mind and a fervor of spirit which we admire; but it is evidently from a hand unpracticed in composing for publication, and the sentences are so undefined that rewriting would be necessary. Several articles on "Spring" we have laid aside; also "A Sketch," "Autumn Musings," "The Darkest Day;" and also "The Bereavement," though we would encourage its author to exercise herself in composition. "First Attempt" may fly yet, but its wings are not now well fledged. We must also decline "Music;" "Spirit Musings;" "To the Unconverted;" "To my Father;" "Thoughts on Death;" "Sonnet on the Death of a Son;" "The Dying Boy;" "A Sleepless Night;" "Mother;" "My Childhood's Stream;" "The Buried Maiden;" "Joshua vii, 8;" "The Invalid's Plaint;" "On the Death of a Friend;" "The Battle-Field;" "To a Snow-Bird;" "The Minister's Grave;" "Psalm xliii, 9."

MISCELLANY.—"Mr. Editor,—I knock at the door for admittance. Please let me in; however, if I ain't good looking I must stay out." We've taken a peep at you through the key-hole, brother; walk in. An old bachelor, somewhere in the vicinity of New York city, inquires, "What need is there of the Ladies' Repository?" We answer, that so far as *he* is concerned, *none—none at all*. And we further modestly hint, that a man who does not appreciate the ladies themselves, can not be expected to appreciate the Ladies' Repository. But, if he really desires to have his doubts solved, we advise him to "plank down the cash" for a dozen copies, and send them to as many intelligent young ladies; and when the volume is out, inquire of them whether they wish him to renew the subscription.

N. B. The printer has shut the gate down upon us.



